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HUMBLE

Hours of Solitude.

POEMS

BY J. J. THORNE,

ELM CITY, N. C.

48 1904
HUMBLE

Hours of Solitude.

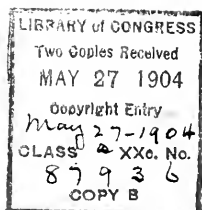
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A SKETCH OF MY LIFE.

John Julius Thorne, the author of Humble Hours of Solitude, was born February the 11th, 1871. My father and mother were William Martin Thorne and Margaret Peel Thorne. My mother's first or maiden name was Woodard. She first married William Woodard Batts. During their union of wedlock she gave birth to two boys and three girls. First, James William Batts, Sallie Peel Batts, Martha Ann Batts, Wilson Woodard Batts and Margaret Elizabeth Batts.

Through the bonds of matrimony with William Martin Thorne she gave birth to five children, three boys and two girls. First, John Julius Thorne, Ichabod Redmon Thorne, Angie Cora Thorne, Mary Rabana Thorne, and Lucian Turner Thorne. Out of the ten children she survived but two. Eight are living still.

Mother was born February 12th, 1835, and died January 5th, 1901. She was a daughter of James Bullock Woodard and granddaughter of David Woodard. Father was born December 24th, 1842, and died September 29th, 1889. He was a son of Redmon Thorne, Redmon Thorne, a son of Martin Thorne, Martin Thorne, a son of Nicholas Thorne, Nicholas Thorne, a son of Martin Thorne, my old fourth grandfather, or the first Martin that I have any account of, was a husband of Rachel Thorne. She first married a man by the name of White, and her maiden name was Rachel Brown, the daughter of James Brown. James Brown was shipped aboard of an English vessel by his stepfather and brought over to America and bound out. He was just old enough to remember his name, thus making James Brown my fifth grandfather according to the family tradition. I feel like the tender mercy of an all wise and merciful God has blessed me and my days. My parents were not wealthy

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but were able to have the necessities of life. I feel thankful that they endeavored to feed my mind and faculties all the days of my youth to reverence our heavenly father, to be obedient and honest in all my dealings, and in fact, all that they felt to be the duties of parents through the bonds of love that parents have for a child. They delayed not in trying to cultivate my youth to the best of their ability. They often told me to always do unto others as I would have others do to by me, and to always show courtesy and respect to the aged people. These two morals they seemed to especially endeavor to impress upon the mind of their wandering boy. Alas, if I could have seen in my youth as I hope that maturity and experience have revealed unto me. How hard it seems that I would have tried to have pruned the rose of honor by taking their valuable advice. But I was as most all lads, pervert in nature's darkness and prone to wander.

I hope I can say, thanks to God, that he never permitted me to indulge in crime, such as taking the advantage of my fellow man in dealings, but such as we hope to be morality is not Christianity. Maturity revealed to me that I was a sinner, for the dictates of my conscience was a plain evidence. My parents, as far as they were able, gave me the advantage of a limited education. I used to want to go to the high school in preference to the free school, but they were not able to spend much expenditure on the children. I was raised to cornfield labor for my daily bread. I have rejoiced many times that I was raised to hard labor, for it is beneficial to health, life, faculties, and the most admiring and rewarding of all it is getting a living famous to the eye of the wise and prudent and as we are commanded by the Scriptures.

Providence has blessed me with average strength and good health all the days of my life. I grew up as near contented, I suppose, as most any others in youth, yet my life from my earliest recollections in some ways were despondent

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and melancholy. At times my mind was not directed to the joy, the game and sport of childhood. At intervals there was a gloom of despondency that overshadowed my mind with many serious and solitary thoughts and considerations, and in my youthfful and timid heart were often wrought many feelings and sad sensations that nature then could not disclose, and the aid of my pen, my hand and faculty today could but slightly hint as to the explanation of the fulness of the periods of my youth from the earliest of my existence that I could remember I placed religion more in works than in faith, more in duty than in prayer. I believed that every man stood as a free agent as to the salvation of his soul. I thought there was a torment and believed it was for the ungodly. I could not see that I was ungodly. I decided early in youth to try to avoid all desperate crime, but I was going to live moral and take my fill of the world's pleasure and before I get too old I will just simply ask my Maker to pardon me for the little thinge that my conscience has condemned me for for what good I have done has already canceled wrong I have done and my soul will be saved in eternity this way. I marched down the road of natural darkness, though I hope in that heart that was trusting in flesh, in vanity, in nature, in selfworks, and baseing the power of nothingness of a clod of dust against the Creator that made and gave it. I hope the power of the spirit has showed and taught me that man's work prevails nothing as for the salvation of his soul. On the night of November 1894 I retired I supposed as near contented as most men though I often thought that my life was harder than others. Alas, I only knew what it was to be sad at heart and discontented in mind, but affliction of the soul or the pain of rependence which is one of the forerunners of God and the whole scripture declares that no man suffers more than he that is turned over to the pain

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of repentence. This pain I knew nothing about. In the late hours of the night I woke up in more pain, trouble and distress than mortal tongue of man can or could ever express. It would be of no use in trying to explain in this little sketch of my life any of the pangs and miseries thereof for it is a matter of impossibility for any sin-sick soul to reveal its condition. I have in my ignorant and stammering way endeavored to reveal some of my trials and weights in verse. Titled Tuly's sore trials contained in this book. Tuly is a nick name given to me when a baby. By carefully reading the speech just mentioned you can draw some idea of my sore trials, but than the good Lord that this year 1903, in spring or early in summer my troubles have been a little lighter and would ask the reader of my verses to note that for several months my life is not quite so hard as it was from November, 1894 up to the spring of 1903, though I often get in so much distress that I think to be shure my troubles have just begun the most hurtful of besure my troubles have just begun the most hurtful of my life I have kept in secret from the world. Many and many a time I have felt like I was bound to reveal it, but I have determined all the while never to reveal it. I have desired many a time that the Lord would reveal my death to me 5 or 6 months previous to it, that I might have the time and opportunity to let my friends know the bleeding and sore trials of my poor feeble heart for more than nine years. It is too sad and hurtful for me to disclose during mo sojourn of life, without I am constrained to reveal it, for my troubles are yet more than I can express.

Among the many impressions of my life, one of them is the subject of composing poetry. On the 13th day of January, 1898, these few words came forcibly to my mind and heart as follows:

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This a lesson we should heed
Through our Maker to obey.
To oblige the poor in case of need,
And help them on their way.

The group of sentences were as distinct in my memory as anything that I ever had committed to memory. In all my days from that very moment to the present day, it has among my many ups and down of life been a poetic burden. As long as mother lived an elder brother of mine supervised her business. All that I had to do so far as labor was concerned was to do what he told me, thus giving me the chance to devote my mind and leisure hours to poetry. But her death rendered me unable to continue writing poetry and I struggled hard against the stream, but the current of despair and despondency against my will, caused me to abandon the practice, for I scarcely had the understanding to supervise my out-door work. Some of my friends have told me that I was bound to have been led by the spirit in poetry. I trust that I have, but often fear that I have not. I have seen and felt the light and beauty of several as I thought very sweet and pretty pieces since mother's departure from life, but it was only an exclamation of sorrow on my part to view such fruit hanging almost within reach, yet could not gather it for the lack of time, and the means sufficient to devote my time to writing poetry.

If I were to say that I did not desire wealth I would tell a falsehood, for it is a part of human nature, but my poetic desire has been so deeply impressed upon me that I have finally decided to place the work before the public, trusting that they will be pleased with the writings of an humble and unworthy poor sinner, hoping that my work is worthy of being placed before the public and hanging by the fireside of all that should desire a copy. If I am committing a wrong with

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my fellow man, or taking a step that is inconsistent with the tender mercies of Jesus, who suffered, bled, died and rose again and triumphed over death, hell and the grave for we poor worms of the dust, and whom I trust that enlightened my soul and endowed me with the spirit and understanding to write and publish my work and set it at the pleasure and liberty of my friends, to take at their choice at a price within the reach of all that should desire a copy. If this I say is an evil or a crime, may the good Lord show me my error, for I do know and sincerely say that one of the greatest objects I have in placing this book to the choice of my fellow countryman is hoping and trusting that I may receive or accumulate a sufficient sum to render me able to devote all of my sad and solitary days in the composition of poetry, as I should desire. I know that of myself I can not do any thing, but by the help of Jehovah and the divine spirit I feel to say, that I can, if not badly deceived in my feelings write more poetry than is contained in humble hours of solitude.

One of the reasons why I gave it this title is because of my contrite and humble feelings, for I always feared that I was not worthy of composing such subjects, and was often condemned in my feelings for fear that it was inconsistent with the Lord, yet when I desired to compose a subject nothing gave me any relief of mind, but the accomplishments of the subject, that had arrested my mind. As for my religious faith if I have any it is the Primitive Baptist faith; I feel that I used to trust in man's or self works as strong and firm as any man on earth ever could have trusted, but I was shown by a power that I know was greater than the power of man that I could do nothing of myself to inherit God's kingdom, and I truly hope that it was the revealing and divine spirit that taught me so, but I trust that I always determined not to be partial or selfish in life, neither tempo-

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ral of spiritual. The holy writings tell us that God has a people in every tongue, nation and kindred. I believe this to be true with all my heart, soul and body, and I believe further more that there are as good christians out of the church as there are in the church, for I know that God has all power and worketh all things to his own will and counsel, and I know that he has the power to quicken the soul, bless it with grace and save it out of the church.

Baptism and communion are only the answer of a good conscience toward God, and the resurrection of Christ. I rejoice at my faith at times for I hope there is food and rest that my former faith could never have given me, yet I say let every man have a right to his own opinion, for every man is honest in his own belief and opinion, whether he is right or wrong. I sincerely believe if it was to my choice, and knew that it was consistent to the will and purpose of the Lord, I would have every soul saved in eternity, but the considerate thought of Almighty and Omnipotence in making a hell and knowing who were going there from the foundation of the world causes me often to greatly despond in my feelings, and as I hope give it up to God who gave the soul. He never takes only what he has given. A desire against the will of God is a desire of the flesh and of the wrong spirit. I feel like there is trouble for me every day that I shall have, yet I know that I am no better to suffer than others and I rejoice to think that no one else has my troubles to bear. I hope that I haven't any harm against any person on earth, and I trust that I love all of God's creation as human creatures, but often feel that I haven't a friend on earth.

I feel like I have already written more in this sketch than I am worthy of writing, or endeavor to place before the public, and in conclusion wish to say that if my friends, known and unknown, give me their patronage as to the purchase of

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my poems, sufficiently enabling me to accomplish **my** objects in verse, I hope not very far in the future to compose many more speeches, than I have already written. I know that if my pen should be directed as it has in the past that I can compose, but the number of course is unknown, it lies entirely in Providence as to whether or what I write in the future. I hope I can say, may the good Lord bless his creation and save all he will:

Your humble friend,

J. J. THORN,

P. S.—The five last poems of this book I composed the last days of November, 1903, and in many of my sad and painful speeches I would have been glad to have explained them more deeply; especially those pertaining to trials and conjugal love, but I feel like I have versed the speeches as far as others can witness with me, and such as modesty and common sense, if I have any, make me withhold, I give it up to God, hoping that others may never suffer as I have for it seems to me that the deepest sufferer so far as affliction of the soul is concerned, could draw, but a faint idea of my trials by reading the sentiment of my poems.

Yours, I hope, in bonds of love.

J. J. T.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

OUR PERSONAL DUTY.

Never yield to evil habits,
Never good things disdain,
Never suffer tongue and lips
To take God's name in vain.

Never curse and swear,
Never steal and fight;
Never fail to show a conscience
Clear, clean and white.

Never stoop to cheat a person,
Never tell a lie.
Never let thoughts and malice,
Break a friendly tie.

Never bear a stain or grudge,
Never suffer an envious heart.
Never fail to love your neighbor,
Never fail to do your part.

Never bear false witness,
Never envy other's wealth.
Never forget that hygiene,
Is a benefit to health.

Never speak ill of any one,
Never their business offend;
Never yet was it our duty,
Never did it gain a friend.

Never commit a harsh deed,
Character it does not adorn;
Never did a pious person
Treat any one with scorn.

Never fail to help the needy,
If it be in our power.
Never will we lose the honor,
Never will be lost the hour.

Never was there a flower
Sprang up from any shore,
With beauty superior to a helping
nature,
Of charity for the poor.

Never let the devil lead us
In to toil and strife.
Never let our temptations
Degrade a moral life.

Never be led by any one
Into a wrong deed.
If you are doubtful, ask your con-
science,
The mysteries it will plead.

Never rebuke any person,
Never did it defend,
Never will it be of honor,
If they desert a friend.

Never form evil opinions,
Of your fellowman.
Never will the deed decay.
To prevent them if you can.

Never use deceit,
Never work for spite,
Never say I can't,
But try with all your might.

Never kill, rob and murder,
Never dispossess;
Never fold an idle arm,
If a chance to bless.

Never put off to-morrow
What we should do to-day,
Never contract a debt,
That we do not aim to pay.

Never fail with careful thought,
To think before we speak;
Never fail with kind words,
Friendship to seek.

Never laugh at other people,
To joke and make fun;
Never speak a harm word
To hurt any one.

Never fail in search of wisdom,
To strive to get your part;
Never think that all of wisdom
Equals an honest heart.

Never forget that our duties,
In twelve words they ly,
To love and do by others,
As we would be done by.

If we control our temptations—
With heart, lips, and arms—
We will live in peace and love,
No creature we will harm.

Let our footprints prove our fate,
Our lives a friendly tie,
Honor and wisdom will commemorate,
In bereavement when we die.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

After we are placed away
We return to mother sod,
Whether we find joy or woe
It all lies with God.

Never forget that we have a father
Who knows our fate and heart
From kind deeds and good works
Never will he depart.

We should toil to live in obedience,
God's mercy protect and bless—
By his mercy and obedience
Depends our life and rest.

There is a home prepared for us,
Whether it be joy or woe,
After we have done the best we knew
No debt to the world we owe.

TO-MORROW WE MAY BE
PLACED.

Life decays as a shadow fades,
And death we must obey;
To-morrow we may be
Placed in clay.

Life is precious, love is sweet;
But these pleasures must decay.
To-morrow we may be
Placed in clay.

Let our footprints prove our honor
From pious steps day by day,
To-morrow we may be
Placed in clay.

We should to our duty haste
And our moments not delay
To-morrow we may be
Placed in clay.

Let our deeds compound alone a love
To anoint our heads when old
and gray,
To-morrow we may be
Placed in clay.

We should seek good examples
To our children lay,
To-morrow be may be
Placed in clay.

An honest and upright spirit
Avoids sorrow and dismay,
To-morrow we may be
Placed in clay.

If our conscience be our guide,
Truth and honesty we may say,
To-morrow we may be
Placed in clay.

Let not lies and malice
An evil heart betray,
To-morrow we may be
Placed in clay.

The sting of death ends our lives,
A debt we all must pay,
To-morrow we may be
Placed in clay.

Jesus bore our pain and burden,
Repentance if he pay,
To-morrow we may be
Placed in clay.

LOVE AND KINDNESS.

This is a lesson we should heed,
Through our Marker to obey;
To oblige the poor in case of need,
And help them on their way.

He is blessed as a cheerful giver,
And his deeds never decay;
That obliges the poor in case of need,
And helps them on their way.

It will fill our hearts with gratitude,
In some future day;
If we oblige the poor in case of need,
And help them on their way.

We plant in our breast the rose of charity,
With blossoms fragrance bright
and gay;
When we oblige the poor in case of
need,
And help them on their way.

A gift of benevolence secures gratitude,
And leaves our hearts o.k.,
When we oblige the poor in case of
need,
And help them on their way.

We should be up and doing,
And our moments not delay;
To oblige the poor in case of need,
And help them on their way.

Kindness denotes a benevolent heart,
It shines as a morning rose of May;
When we oblige the poor in case of
need;
And help them on their way.

Blessed is the name of charity,
Of many a heart that sleeps in clay;
They obliged the poor in case of need,
And helped them on their way.

A possession of nature's love,
He can truly say,
That obliges the poor in case of need
And helps them on their way.

The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.
And our Savior love obey.
When we oblige the poor in case of
need,
And help them on their way.

THE ROSE OF CHARITY. . .

If we rightly consider the honor of cha-
rity,
It will in our hearts adore,
A spirit of love through nature's honor
To always help the poor.

Place nature's greed in the rear,
And let friendship come before;
It will reap for us a golden harvest.
If we help the poor.

A charitable heart is as brave,
As the commander of a corps;
It rests sweetly in the grave,
After helping the poor.

Benevolence is a store of love,
And charity opens the door;
They both invite us to their mansion,
And divides with the poor.

Sympathy and love of nature's fame,
We'll dare not to ignore;
The needs, the wants and necessities,
And distresses of the poor.

Downfalls through life have ruined
many,
And their lots we deplore.
A deed of kindness to such persons,
Would gratify and help the poor.

A benevolent heart is a rose,
That which nothing more,
Shines bright to the world,
Than charity with the poor.

We should live in peace together,
Until life is o'er;
And when we are gone bear honor,
Of charity with the poor.

A gift is gratitude of benevolence,
And never will deplore;
A deed of kindness in distribution,
To the suffering of the poor.

Charity is a fowl of love,
With hovering wings to soar;
It spreads its wings over distress,
Warms and protects the poor.

Charity is a glowing garment,
That is never tore;
Cut and made by love and mercy,
As a present for the poor.

Let's give up on our dying day,
The flag of charity we have wore,
And let it bear our epitaph,
In memory of the poor.

Blessed is the name of charity,
Of many a soul that has gone before;
They placed on their staff the banner
of charity.
And rallied for the poor.

LOVE AND HARMONY.

We should live in morality,
And diabolical pursuits abstain;
When on earth our lives are over,
That we may go and leave no stain.

If we rightly consider the blessing of
wisdom,
Revenge and malice we will disdain;
And place our thought in search of
safety,
That we may go and leave no stain.

Let our days be of honor,
And our deeds will not be pain,
When our time expires on earth,
That we may go and leave no stain.

Benevolence is a fountain of love,
Good will and hope it will gain;
Let's live with a filial heart,
That we may go and leave no stain.

Revenge and malice Abel abhord,
It was the damnation of revengeful
.....Cain;
Resist against such temptations,
That we may go and leave no stain.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

Truth and honesty is a token,
Of a heart of might and main;
Keep these duties sacred and unbroken;
That we may go and leave no stain.

Let piety dwell in our hearts,
With love and compassion of pain;
When time calls us from earth to etern-
ity,
That we may go and leave no stain.

Let us labor with hope our moral ele-
ments,
Our conscience over them reign;
When accomplished our work to the
best we knew,
That we may go and leave no stain.

Perversion; wrath and ambition
Have caused many to be slain;
Let us fight such a battle of triumph,
That we may go and leave no stain.

If we wish happiness and contentment,
Piety and virtue we must obtain;
To cancel our deeds from the book of
temptation,
That we may go and leave no stain.

Hope and labor comes to the front,
Evil and corruption falls in vain;
Let's do all within our power,
That we may go and leave no stain.

THE PURE IN HEART WILL
MEET AGAIN.

We all some day must part,
And death we cannot abstain;
The pure in heart
Will meet again.

Not take love and human life,
As did revengeful Cain,
The pure in heart
Will meet again.

A generous heart is filled with love,
No goodness to disdain,
The pure in heart
Will meet again.

Piety and a good conscience
Makes our whole lives fain.
The pure in heart
Shall meet again.

Perversion and intemperance
Have made many minds insane.
The pure in heart
Shall meet again.

Let us live in peace and harmony
With filial love and compassion of
pain.
The pure in heart
Shall meet again.

Let the dictates of our conscience
Over temptation reign.
The pure in heart
Shall meet again.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

If we do as we wish to be done by
Our lives will leave no stain.
The pure in heart
Shall meet again.

Love places humanity in despair
And pleasure it does obtain.
The pure in heart
Shall meet again.

Let's do all within our power
That we may not fall in vain.
The pure in heart
Shall meet again.

THE LOVE OF FRIENDS..

Love friendship and devotion,
In a benevolent heart attends,
It blooms with beauty blossoms of love,
And makes a world of friends.

Lies, malice and mysanthropy
Is the river that evil descends,
If we place our feet upon its waters,
Never will we gain the love of friends.

Let our days be of truth,
Truth our pleasure depends,
It makes for us
A world of friends.

A pious love in humane hearts,
Death only can depart.
It lives in unity and preserves
A good conscience and honest heart.

If our conscience be our guide,
We will do our part,
All that lies in our power,
Until nature opens our heart.

If we live and deal in harmony
It will make friends to take our part,
If in our hearts we place the truth,
We will die with an honest heart.

Our Savior shed his precious blood,
Rich blessings to impart
To those that humble ask and kneel,
Blessed is the pure in heart.

PURITY OF THE HEART.

A tender heart possesses love
And often sinks in vain
By other harsh and forsaken deeds,
It often beats in pain.

A benevolent heart is filled with love,
By nature it is refined,
It blots out the faults of one and all,
Peace and good will to mankind.

A tranquil heart thanks with love
For each meal its daily bread,
In peace with man and thanks to God
For the blessings he hath spread.

A docile heart is sheathed with love.
With a spirit bright and fair,
Harmless as the ancient dove,
That placed the olive in Noah's care.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

A warm heart kindles a love,
And lights a home of joy and rest
Greets and welcomes to its home,
With a warm and tender brea st.

A prudent heart prevails love,
All its days on earth.
Though reason and wisdom clear of
scorn,
A blessing from its birth. cs

A cautious heart protects with love
Through thought and care in wis-
dom's arm,
Embraced by caution, the father of saf-
ety,
That keeps it from all harm.

A conjugal heart cleaves with love,
A true and honest heart,
In the holy bonds of matrimony,
Until death departs.

A loving heart is all of love,
To the soul it is sweet and fresh,
If we have a loving heart,
We have all love of human flesh.

Truth makes a life of harmony,
It rewards us when we die,
It serves as an epitaph on our tomb,
A life above a lie.

Truth guards and preserves our bodies
on earth,
Peace to the soul it does apply,
A home of joy, peace and rest,
Unmolested by a lie.

If truth we plant in our breast,
It will never make a sigh,
Our hearts will condemn with guilt,
If we tell a lie.

Truth unites a love in our hearts,
Though strangers may be you and I,
If we meet with truth the rose of honor
It blooms with purity and blasts
a lie.

Truthful lips and honest hearts
The devil has to deny,
But happy is he when he
Can make us tell a lie.

Truth is a holy spirit,
A blessing from above the sky.
'Tis satan and his evil spirit
That teaches us a lie.

AN HONEST DEED.

The dictates of a clear conscience
An honest heart will feed
With bread of harmony baked by love,
Of a pious deed.

A gripeing and malicious heart
Is filled with nature's greed,
The dictates of an honest heart
Approves an honest deed.

Truth and honesty is the best policy,
A lesson we all should heed;
It clothes us with raiment of honor
By an honest deed.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

If we wander off in wrong
And our conscience do not lead,
We fail to abide by a guide
Of an honest deed.

The betterment of humanity
Is a universal need,
A large portion is contained
In an honest deed.

For the right and justification,
Our conscience will plead,
And place satan in the rear
By an honest deed.

The mysteries of humane weakness,
Our conscience will help to read,
Assisted by a wise heart
That loves an honest deed.

If we wish a happy harvest,
Let our hearts plant the seed;
Providence will reap the harvest
If our lives be an honest deed.

A HAPPY HOME.

Caution is the parent of safety,
It keeps us from going astray;
It will make a happy home,
In some future day.

If duty and respect to all,
We live, serve and obey,
It will make a happy home,
In some future day.

Honesty is a commandment,
That never will decay;
It will make a happy home,
In some future day.

Treat each and every person right.
Respect the old and gray;
It will make a happy home,
In some future day.

Sympathy, charity and gratitude
Makes life bright and gay,
It will make a happy home,
In some future day.

True examples and honest deeds,
We should to our children lay,
It will make a happy home,
In some future day.

Love is with a tender heart,
As the spring showers of May;
It will make a happy home,
In some future day.

If we live an upright life,
We have only the pain of death to
pay;
It will make a happy home,
In some future day.

Humble duty and the love of Christ,
Is our only way;
It will make a happy home,
In some future day.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

DO NOT SCORN THE POOR.

Let us love one and all,
For there is nothing more;
Sweeter than filial love,
Do not scorn the poor.

If for our love and affection,
We are thankful and adore;
Is it harmony or condemnation;
When we scorn the poor.

How can we scorn the poor and for-
lorn,
And over their lots to trod;
If we realize in bonds of love,
That we are all as one with God.

Love and wisdom feeds piety and har-
mony,
With a throat that never rests;
'Tis an unclean and filthy throat,
That hates the poor and scorns their
lot.

A tree of love blooms with hope,
A home of happiness it does adorn;
How can a tree bear the fruit of love,
That bears the fruit of scorn.

Love cleaves by a social tie,
Good will and hope to impart;
Can we scorn the poor and hope,
That we have a pious heart?

Love is a melodious ode,
Written from a warm and tender
breast;
The verses filled with harmonious
words,
That teaches the good a home of rest.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

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Scorn is a malicious ode,
Written from a scornful hand;
'The verses filled with a diabolical scorn,
A curse and a shame to man.

'Tis love that teaches a moral heart,
Good will to adore;
'Tis satan that teaches a vain heart,
To ignore and scorn the poor.

Love beautifies a home of rest,
As the bright sun of morn;
Dark is the shadow of the bitter tree,
That bears the fruit of scorn.

God so loved us through his mercy,
In our breast a conscience to place,
Do we abide by that merciful guide,
If we scorn a humane face.

We should strive against distant feel-
ings,
And scorn be above;
Let our hearts blend together,
In the holy bonds of love.

Benevolence is a tender feeling,
Given from above;
Where there is a heart of scorn,
There is no love.

All that lies in our power,
Our conscience is our only way;
If we scorn a human creature,
Satan has led us astray.

It is wrong to scorn a person,
Because they are poor;
Those that scorn were diabolical born-
ed,
And piety they ignore.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

What a treasure has he though ever so
 poor,
 In his cabin hall;
 Who strives in hope and filial love,
 A tender love for all.

What has he in his shining mansion,
 With millions to adorn;
 Who meets some poor old honest crea-
 ture,
 And passes them with scorn.

He has no love and humane sympathy,
 No thanks for the blessings above;
 He ignores the lot of an humble Savior,
 And scorns his Maker's love.

Mercy blesses and protects the poor,
 Let our hope and love impart;
 For beneath their tattered garments,
 There may be an honest heart.

We are all as one with God,
 Who reigns and governs up above;
 Scorning the poor ignores fraternity,
 And profanes against his love.

Man was made to rule the earth,
 With dominion over the land;
 Taught by a driving divine spirit of
 conscience,
 The only earthly aid of man.

With his omnipotent hand,
 He made a material of the sod:
 Created he woman and man,
 In the image of God.

If we thank him for our conscience,
And his mercy we adore,
Can we feel uncondemned,
If we scorn the poor?

If we scorn a pious person,
Who wrong have always abhorred;
How vile and sinful we must be,
In the sight of the Lord.

Those that are scorned may be of the
number,
Of hope, faith and grace—
Love by Christ who died for them,
And prepared for them a resting
place.

Jesus loves the poor and humble,
For their debts he died and paid;
How can we scorn our Saviour's love,
And the holy sacrifice he made.

Jesus died for the pure in heart,
Through his love he has forgiven;
How can we with a scornful heart,
Find a resting place in heaven?

Divine love replenishes the poor,
As the dew drops of the morn,
How can we with a heart full of love,
Treat any one with scorn.

If we scorn the poor we blaspheme
And over harmony trod;
Led by evil in profanity,
An alien from God.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

DO NOT KILL THE BIRDS.

One of our greatest blessings,
Are the little birds;
Their benefit is so easy told,
In a few lines and words.

They fly and warble among the trees,
With their little hearts they blend;
Do not kill the little birds,
They are the farmer's friend.

When the joyful spring has come,
And the chilly winds are o'er;
They greet us with their cheerful songs,
From place to place they soar.

The little birds are harmless friends,
Let them ever live;
Do not deprive them of their lives,
Which we can never give.

They labor daily one by one.
Destroying the insects of the land;
All their labor combined together,
Is the life of man.

They were put here for a purpose,
A harmless little band;
As all other things by nature,
A benefit to man.

The birds are friends by nature,
We do not have to employ;
If we kill the little birds,
Our friends we destroy.

Let the little creatures live,
Though they do a little harm—
To get their food by pulling up,
A little grain and corn.

So small a quantity as the birds,
Destroy on the farm;
Give it freely for their labor,
Never will it harm.

The birds are one of nature's blessings,
For our benefit were give;
Such harmless little friends of our's,
Oh, let them ever live.

This is a true and simple verse,
With authentic words;
We could scarcely raise a crop,
Were it not for the birds.

Give them what they place away,
In their winter stores;
While they destroy one grain,
Insects destroy scores.

On our leisure and sabbath days,
They are in the field and wood;
Working daily one by one,
All for our good.

The birds are an earthly blessing.
A blessing from above;
For their labor and benefit,
All people ought to love.

Before the rising of the sun,
They are on their wing;
Working daily for our interest,
What a blessed thing.

The birds are a benefit,
All people do not know,
A few years without the birds,
Would prove this to be so.

The little birds are a blessing,
Almost ignored;
Let them live and scratch for us,
Can this we not afford?

Let them live and fulfill their purpose,
Destroying the insects of the land;
Justice would enact a law,
To protect this little band.

CONSCIOUS LABOR.

In our breast we have a conscience,
Given from a righteous hand;
It approves the right and condemns,
The evils and wrongs of man.

Our science was given us,
Through a holy plan;
To speak the truth, live the truth,
A moral guide for man.

The dictates of a clear conscience,
Joins as an honest band;
Believe our conscience to be true,
Regardless of any man.

If we are led by our conscience,
We will do the best we can;
Put our hope and trust in God,
And never trust in man.

If all would abide by their conscience
It would make a happy band,
Peace and good will in our homes,
Freedom and liberty to every man.

All that lies in our knowledge,
Our conscience is our only plan.
If our conscience make our paths,
In peace we will travel with man.

Our conscience would join our hearts,
With a filial strand;
If we would live by our conscience,
The only truth of man.

Our conscience is all we know,
Of the right way to stand,
Divine knowledge is unknown;
'Till God gives it to man

A CONTENTED HOME.

If we work and trust in faith,
Our labor will be blessed;
Joy and mercy will reach our home,
And make a home of rest.

If honesty we live, truth we serve—
We have done our best;
Joy and mercy will reach our home
And make a home of rest.

If we live by the dictates,
Of the conscience of our breast,
Joy and mercy will reach our home
And make a home of rest.

If our labor and deeds are good,
Satan only can infest,
Joy and mercy will reach our home.
And make a home of rest.

Divide with the poor, raise the weak---
Help the beggar and oppressed;
Joy and mercy will reach our home
And make a home of rest.

If we trust in God and believe in Christ,
This was the Savior's request;
Joy and mercy will reach our home
And make a home of rest.

PARTING LOVERS.

Our hearts are joined together
With a devoted stand;
But the time has come for us
To shake the parting hand.

Your kind deeds have won my love,
And affections, too,
Please accept my tender love,
That I have for you.

You are my joy and pleasure,
And my heart's delight;
My heart is pained and sad with love,
Until I sleep at night.

I dream of you in my sleep,
And rejoice when I awake,
To dream of my devoted friend,
I never will forsake.

Your smiles are charming to my heart,
Your union sweet and dear;
Your kind and devoted words,
Are pleasant to my ear.

You have treated me as nice and kind
As an angle up above;
Let our hearts blend together,
In the holy bonds of love.

Remember I am your kind friend,
Do not forget me,
As long as we both shall live,
I will never forget thee.

Your life have been so brave and true
With love to impart,
To know I must depart from you,
It grieves me to my heart.

You are my only pleasure,
Your union sweet and dear;
Never will I forsake thee,
Never, never, fear.

I think of you, devoted friend,
When you are sound asleep;
The key and lock to our heart,
May we ever keep.

Love and hope can never pay
The debt to you that I owe;
But in my heart there shall a stream
Of love and affection flow.

Ever day of personal duty,
There is hours dull and sad,
When I think of you kind friend,
It makes me happy and glad.

May mercy keep and protect you,
And happiness ever attend;
By your brave and noble heart,
I have always found a friend.

For your warm and tender deeds,
I am not able to pay;
But my efforts love and hope,
Never, never shall decay.

Love, friendship and devotion,
Is great without a stain;
This has joined our hearts together,
Let them ever remain.

We will part through love and hope,
Of a warm and tender breast;
If on earth we meet no more,
May we meet in peace and rest.

We have lived in peace and love,
Our union a social tie;
Time has made us happy together,
It departeth you and I.

Time makes joy and pleasure for
friends,
It calls them apart;
Good-bye, let us remember,
A warm and tender heart.

LOVE.

A life without the bonds of love,
Its pleasure would be none;
'Tis that warm and tender spirit,
That joins two hearts as one.

True love is like the little lambs,
Playing in the shepherd's fold;
So strong a tie and tender feeling,
That all is never told.

Love is an inward blessing,
That makes a tender heart;
It makes our union sweet and dear,
And grieves us when we part.

Love is the key of happiness,
It was given from above;
The world would wag in the heath-
enism,
Were it not for love.

Love is a rose of joy,
It blooms without strife;
It beautifies a home of honor;
It makes a gentle life.

Love is kind, warm and tender,
Above slander and scorn;
It refreshes our hearts with sympathy,
As the dew drops of the morn.

Love unites us friends together,
Our union sweet and dear;
It joins our hope and hearts together,
It drives away the tear.

Love is a key to our heart,
It makes our lives complete;
It joins our hearts in fraternal love,
And happy when we meet.

Love is the fruit of trouble and pleas-
ure,
It makes a tender heart;
It makes us happy and sad together.
It grieves us when we part.

Love is a link that joins us together,
It buries us when we die;
It unites our hearts and hands together,
'Til side beside we lie.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

Love is the greatest of nature's blessings,

Complete without a blunder;
Tis a holy divine cause,
Man cannot put asunder.

Love is a stream that gently flows,
It refreshes day by day,
Its waters replenishes, strengthens and
grows,
A care and devotion that never de
cay.

Love is with a tender heart,
As the spring showers of May;
It forgives others of their wrongs,
And washes them away.

Love makes a life of sympathy,
A warm and tender breast;
A quiet and friendly neighborhood,
A happy home of rest.

LOVE AND TRANSGRESSION.

The Lord is all
And man is none;
He made made all things,
And it was well done.

He made Adam,
His first son;
He needed a mate,
He made him one.

The Lord's will
Must be done;
With his children,
Generation begun.

Adam and Eve
Were joined as one;
By the power of the Lord,
His work to be done.

God is all,
The omnipotent one;
He joined them together,
And gave them a son.

Without the Lord,
They were none;
He gave them Abel,
The first one.

The fruit of the first
Transgression done;
Inherited from parents,
With daughter and sone.

If scripture be true,
This was to be done;
To replenish and multiply
One by one.

From then until now,
Daughter and son;
Have choosed a mate,
And joined as one.

When all generations
Have joined as one,
It makes us believe
It was to be done.

When all our love,
is placed upon one;
To prevent it,
Our power is none.

True love is power,
Of the Almighty one;
It joins man and wife,
His work to be done.

To prevent conjugality,
Our power is none;
It places our hearts
And love on one.

This a commandment,
To be done;
To choose a mate,
And choose but one.

Our Father's will,
We have done;
When we choose a mate,
And love but one.

He made the female
From the rib of his son;
Certainly her offspring,
Was his will to be done.

Conjugal love
Joins as one;
It makes life
Complete when done.

All ages proves,
Our duty when done;
To choose a mate,
Or else choose none

He that loves and marries,
Duty and honor have done;
In consistency,
To choose him one.

Complete is wedlock,
With two joined as one;
Joined in the bonds of love,
A virtuous daughter and son.

Wedlock is respectable
A purpose to be done;
Consistent is the burdened heart;
That loves and chooses one.

Through all ages of times,
Our duty are planly shown;
That man has the right to marry,
And marry but one alone.

All pleasure of a single life,
Stands as one alone;
The holy bonds of matrimony,
To a single life unknown.

If two truly love each other,
They are their pleasure alone;
Never will be their hearts content,
'Till they become their own.

A bachelor's life, a virge of time,
A maid's too are shown;
No one to shair the pleasure of
life,
They take it all alone.

Broken vows with many a couple,
Their troubles are unknown;
To join as one and make such,
It is best to live alone.

Conjugal love joins together,
Man and wife as one;
A spotless maid, a pious virgin;
A true and noble son.

Wedlock is a rose of pleasure,
 Though through transgression
 grown;
 It blooms with love, the joy of life,
 Through all ages it has flown.

If Eve was good and very good,
 And Adam a holy son;
 And they slip the banks of para-
 dice,
 Were it not a purpose to be
 done.

These, the words, before placed in
 the garden,
 By Adam, the first and a good
 son;
 A man shall leave his mother and
 father,
 And Cleve unto his wedded one.

The devil is the evil attempter,
 But wisdom and creation by
 God were done;
 Why were Adam possessed with
 the knowledge,
 If father did not give it to his
 son.

If true love is sin beyond the grave
 And through profanity done;
 Why do christians after conver-
 sion,
 Select and choose them one.

The Lord made Adam a mascu-
 line creature,
 A female he made him on;
 Were their children borne in pro-
 fanity,
 Or the Lord's will to be done.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

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If they were good and very good,
Made by the holy and righteous
one;
Were it not the Lord's will,
A purpose to be done.

Woman was made of man,
And made of man's bone;
As a mate to love as cherish,
His duty is her own.

She is blessed,
Joined as one;
Who marries for love,
Or marries none.

He is blessed,
With his own,
Who loves his wife,
And her alone.

A life with any,
Its pleasure is none;
Who loves in vain,
And loves but one.

VERSES OF MEMORY.

Do by others as you'd be done by.
Trust in God he is omnipotent and
alwise;
With respect we will live and honorably
die,
Here all our duty lie.

True respect for man and God,
Through nature we have not;
It makges a field of strife to trod,
toil and trouble our lot.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

Hope exerts our thoughts and
minds,
To prepare and plans to lay;
Death destroys our hope and de-
signs,
And takes our lives away.

We should with produce strive to
get
All wisdom we can gain;
But an humble and honest heart,
Is worth all science of the brain.

Our nothingness through all great
men
Are clear and plainly shown;
That our lives a verge of time,
With no power of our own.

Things done with less careless thought,
May make pleasure and joy;
The same deeds with careful
thought,
Our conscience may annoy.

The Lord placed us in a world of
trouble,
He makes us an humble slave;
He gives us the blessings of his
labor,
He places us in our grave.

All hope, trouble and pleasure,
His power will destroy;
Through his love and mercy;
We reach a home of joy.

The devil is like a midnight assassin,
That destroys in the darkest hour;
He roams the world with his rage,
Seeking whom he may devour.

If we make of truth an epitome,
Our deeds will make no strife,
If honesty be our motto,
We will live an upright life.

Blessed is the prudent man,
That labors and takes his rest;
Who lives by an honest heart and hand,
A love and respect in his breast.

Blessed is the poor and humble,
A home under glory's wing;
A home of joy, peace and love,
Where saints and angels sing.

Blessed is the prudent lady,
If troubles known or not;
Who strives with care, married or single,
To willingly serve her lot.

Happy the hours full and free,
That we sleep and take our rest;
With a love beyond the sea,
In every humane breast.

If all could realize the love of God,
To give his own begotten son;
How hard all would strive to forgive
Each and every one.

Pleasant it is to retire at night,
And be watched over by the
Lord;
And if an enemy in the world,
Not on your accord.

The power and work of every man
If altogether would try,
Could be cut down by the Lord
In the twinkle of an eye.

Death is but a verge of time,
It is uncertain when
It takes all at its call,
The wisest and strongest men.

To pity others for their wrongs,
And tiers of sorrow sown;
And for them a love and hope,
It takes condemnation of our
own.

A world of friends, their love and
hope,
Their hands to take our part;
Their ties, their desires and pray-
ers,
Cannot move a trouble from our
heart.

In many cases with humane kind,
That the haughty and scornful
frown;
With the heart of the good and
Lies honor and renown.

'Tis a blessing of God,
With all hearts that blend;
That lives in obedience,
And to heaven ascends.

'Tis God that makes a religious
heart,
He makes it strong and brave,
'Tis his love and mercy,
That we triumph over the grave.

God created all things,
The earth, sea and skies;
In him we are dependent for all,
In him all power lies.

If all hearts were joined together,
And all nature the same,
Peace, good will and prosperity,
A world of friends and fame.

If trouble encumbers our mind,
And fills our heart and breast;
Take it fair, for things divine,
Will give us peace and rest.

The days of man is toil and trouble,
Good deeds few and small,
His trials, efforts and designs.
For the like of faith they fall.

If tongues is used with careful
talk,
It makes a good name;
If steps are made with careful
walk,
It marches into fame.

With the most devoted and kindest
friends,
Thought care and reason de-
pends;
Satan's love is the barbarious
knife;
That clips the but from the per-
fection of life.

A promise of heaven, a home of
joy,
Against the world! it would not
hire;
A true desire and religious love,
'Tis only good and his desire.

The best we all can do,
We have our faults every day we
live;
If we pity ourselves and others,
Why not other's faults forgive?

In our days of youth and joy,
The future we know not;
After we reach the age of maturity,
What may be our lot.

Grief and trouble may encumber
our minds,
Though ever strong and brave,
Asto often wish when in the cradle
We had filled an infant's grave.

Love places a woman's heart,
In trouble and in despair;
With no relief but the end of love,
Or her suitor's affection to
share.

Love places a man's heart,
In despair and in vain;
With no relief but the union of life,
Or the Lord to ease his pain.

In every home and everywhere,
There are reasons to forbear;
Faults forgiven with every pair,
Would make a world happy and
fair.

How sweet is a contented mind,
Where joy and pleasure flow;
How sad is life when every step
Is made with grief and woe.

God made man from the dust of
earth,
The breath of life he gave;
He gives him strength from his
birth,
He places him in his grave.

Our days are strife for disobedience,
To labor and the soil to till;
His commands are just to all,
To please his holy will.

A philosopher's pen cannot describe,
A giant's fingers cannot span,
A hero's courage can form no
way,
To place a true desire in man.

Life may render many charms,
Wealth may make life so gay;
Wisdom may triumph in all designs,
But death takes all away.

RESPECT THE OLD.

If our lives have been respect to the old
Wisdom we have sown;
When we respect old age,
Honor we have shown.

The old have labored all their days,
Daily one by one;
Lived by the sweat of their brow,
Their duty they have done.

The old teaches the right way,
For the young to live and stand;
When the young are taught by old age,
It makes a noble woman or man.

Their advice is an honorable road,
That leads the young to joy;
The young that perverts the old's advice,
Their youthful honor honor destroy.

Their love is a golden rule,
For the young to cling;
Their hope would give the young a
seat,
Under glory's wing.

The old have willingly served their
days,
And faithfully done their part;
Respect their hair in bloom for the
grave,
And show a generous heart.

When in infancy in despair,
They watched over us when asleep;
Maturity should extend its thanks,
To the old bright and deep.

They taught us in our youthful days,
Through devotion, love and care;
A lesson that we all should heed,
To live honest and fair.

The old and worn out servants
Are the grandest under the skies,
Respect and help them in despair,
And in to honor rise.

All honor bestowed up on a certain
class,
Does not open their heart and eyes;
But a deed of respect with any so poor,
Is honor with the good and wise.

Let us thank the Lord for yet surviving
And show a life of sage;
This we fail to do without
We honor and respect old age.

The day is only a verge of time,
That calls them to their grave;
Their loss mourned by the young re-
spector.
In whose heart honor wave.

When they give up this world,
And from friends depart;
A home of rest is hopes and joy,
Of the young respector's heart.

Respect to all is the duty of all;
Respect to the old so brave;
Love and respect with old age
Is a wreath of memory upon their
grave.

Death places our good old friends away
From the young, the old must part;
We know not how soon in that lovely
spot,
There we may sleep with a silent
heart.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

When we pass about the lovely spot,
Where their bodies lie at rest,
And think of days of respect with
them,
Surely it will make a thankful breast.

As they pass over the river of life,
They leave us our way;
In toil, trouble, care and strife,
To do as well as they.

The young respector's hopes extends,
To the Lord their souls to save;
He knows his days in their footprints,
Marching on to the grave.

Gray hair is blooms of the grave,
Old age is power and love:
Love and respect with mankind,
Is power and regards of a God above.

Truth, honesty and respect,
Is all the way we know;
A true desire and light of knowledge,
God has to give and show.

Our hope, knowledge and desires,
Perhaps may be blessed;
If we do our part,
God will justly fix the rest.

With all our hope, knowledge and de-
sires,
Through submission we fall;
But an inward feeling that will bright-
en our hope,
Is a love and respect for all.

BENEVOLENT LOVE.

Benevolence is a gift from heaven,
Sent down from a world above;
A sister of charity, a brother of piety,
And parent of paternal and humane
love.

Benevolence is a mother of love,
With helpful arms to fold;
The care of the young in days of youth,
With love and affection brave and
bold.

Benevolence is a sister of charity,
With kindness to adore;
With a warm heart and helping hand,
To afflictions of the poor.

Benevolence is a brother of harmony,
That lives in peace and love;
And tries to live by the command-
ments,
Of his Savior above.

Benevolence is a father of humane love,
He labors in harmony and sleeps at
rest;
He plants in his heart the rose of chari-
ty,
When parted from earth his memory
is blessed.

Benevolence is a relative of courtesy,
That visits the homes of the dis-
tressed;
With assisting hands and pious love,
That nature planted in his breast.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

Benevolence is a friend of kindness,
That works in hope friendship to
gain;
He forgives humanity of its wrongs,
And washes away all stain.

Benevolence is a companion of sympathy,
That mourns the loss of its friends;
With profound sorrow through love
and hope,
That their souls to heaven ascends.

Benevolence is a comrade of memory,
That loves the days of unity in the
past;
The love of friendship dwells in their
heart,
And death only can blast.

Benevolence is a stranger of philanthropy,
That meets his fellow man with love
to impart;
He makes his introduction and becomes
a friend,
With a kind and honest heart.

Benevolence is a teacher of humanity;
He finds his books with letters of
love;
He classes, his students and learns
them a lesson,
Of a blessing sent down from above.

Benevolence is a spirit of love,
With warm and tender care;
Regards others as a friend,
Grudge and malice is never there.

A benevolent man loves his neighbor,
And his deeds never decay;
He blots out the faults of his neighbor,
And casts them away.

Benevolence is a tranquil spirit,
And docile like a dove;
It mourns the loss of a friend,
With sorrow and filial love.

Benevolence is a helping spirit,
That obliges the poor on request,
When labor is done and thanks extended,
It places contentment in its breast.

Benevolence is a stream of love,
That flows from charity's heart;
Its waves roll with moral love,
That nature made to start.

Benevolence is a true document,
And piety cancels its face;
If a mistake made in any manner,
Harmony pleads the case.

Benevolence is a filial garment,
Made by pious skill;
It clothes humanity with the love,
Our our Savior's will.

Benevolence is links of harmony,
Locked together in bonds of love;
The key is carried in the hand of charity,
Blessed and protected from above.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

Benevolence is a rose of summer,
It grows with vigor and blooms with
love;
A garden full of fragrant flowers,
Refreshed by the dew drops of
above.

Benevolence is a scion of love,
And grand is its fame;
Peace and good will to mankind,
Blessed be its name.

Benevolence is a noble giant,
Freedom and liberty he defends;
With his strength and wisdom,
And gains a world of friends.

Benevolence is a gallant hero,
His heart is true and brave;
His deeds on earth mourn his loss,
His memory rests in the grave.

Benevolence is a heroine,
Her affections gives peace and rest;
Her love is holy and divine,
It breathes sweetly in her breast.

Benevolence is a prudent son,
Possessed with nature's skill;
He labors daily one by one,
To please his parent's will.

Benevolence is a bell of maids,
With character smooth and kind;
Her face is sweet with lovely shades,
Her beauty is refined.

Benevolence is a copious love,
A great inheritance through humane
borned;
It guards peace, friendship and love,
It never is forlorned.

Benevolence was ancient friends,
That used together roam;
They tilled the sod in union and love,
It made for them a happy home.

Benevolence was a moral guide,
Of these poor old fellows' rest;
They lived in union, served and died
With benevolence in their breast.

Benevolence was the pious friends
That put them in the clay,
There bodies returned to mother dust,
But their deeds are blessed to-day.

Benevolence is a city of joy,
The streets are paved with gold;
The sidewalkq decked with filial
hearts,
Of people brave and bold.

Benevolence is a luxurious country,
The fields are planted with seed of
love;
Worked by friendship, reaped by har-
mony,
A golden harvest from above.

Benevolence is a body of soldiers,
Freedom and liberty to defend;
The rights and suffering of mankind,
As true and patriotic men.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

Benevolence is a thoughtful poet,
His writings true and grand;
His verses filled with benevolent love,
The greatest love of man.

Benevolence is the first instructor,
That makes the poet understand;
To fill his verses with human nature,
And the love of man.

Benevolence is a noble ruler,
That protects and blesses all;
When expiration or death deprives his
rein,
His country grieves at his fall.

Benevolence is a merciful doctor,
That treats with medicine and care,
Without security of his pay,
He raises from despair.

Benevolence was the first to pluck,
The herbs from the ground;
To heal the sick and alleviate pain,
A medicine to compound.

Benevolence is an honest lawyer,
With a heart clean and white,
For money, riches and renown,
He will not plead against the wright.

Benevolence in a preacher's heart,
With hope, faith and grace;
In all his sermons of the gospel,
Benevolence holds a space.

Benevolence in a Christian's heart,
Corded with a filial strand;
No one is not a Christian,
That do not love their fellow man.

Benevolence is an honest merchant,
He keeps a standard weight;
He sells to all at a living price,
His tongue is not a money bait.

Benevolence is a truthful editor,
His types clean and dry;
He fills his papers with truth and reason,
Above slandering with a lie.

Benevolence is a standard keeper,
That regulates the scales of love;
He tips the scales with full measure,
the pea to rise a little above.

Benevolence is a land surveyor,
He keeps his compass level;
He calculates just to all,
To keep from serving the devil.

Benevolence is an honest agent,
That travels over the land;
He does not over praise his model,
To deceive his fellow man.

Benevolence is a blacksmith,
With strong and sinew hands;
He does his neighbor's work right,
The way that he demands.

Benevolence is an honest farmer,
That strives in hope and care;
To live at home and pay his debts,
A way to prepare.

Benevolence is a moral philosopher,
With gigantic skill;
His science of sense and benevolence
is to free the human will.

Benevolence is a gallant orator,
His speech authentic and refined;
He speaks for the betterment of humanity,
And works for the interest of mankind.

Benevolence is a politician,
That loves his fellow man;
He strives in care and patriotism,
And does all he can.

Benevolence is a brave statesman,
A country's pious son;
His work a flag of freedom and liberty,
And special rights to none.

*THE LOVE AND POWER.
OF GOD.*

God created all things,
To please his holy will;
He made man from the dust;
The soil for him to til.

He made woman out of man,
Both as to one to love,
This the first of generation,
A purpose from above.

All creatures of his kind,
Were given Adam a name to call;
He made all good and blessed his labor,
And gave Adam dominion of all.

With insect and all animal,
He made them fruitful to give birth;
Likewise with Adam and Eve,
To multiply and replenish the earth.

He made the sun to rule the day,
The moon to rule the night,
He set the stars within the sky,
That twinkle and shines so bright.

He placed the sun in the heavens,
That shines so bright and clear;
It is our life, health and strength,
It rules the season of the year.

Spring dries out the soil,
Summer grows and grass destroy,
Autumn gives a golden harvest,
In winter to enjoy.

He placed the moon in the sky,
It refreshes full and free;
It governs the blessings of the water,
That the sun evaporates from the sea.

Man has dominion of all,
That God placed on land;
It ought to elevate and moralize,
Each and every man.

He created all the vegetable kingdom,
All herb and fruit of the land;
To supply the needs and hunger,
Of each and every man.

He gives us life, health and strength,
All blessings of the land;
He gives to the wicked and ungodly,
The same as the righteous man.

The lightning tipifies his sword,
The thunder is his voice;
They both prove almighty power,
For all to exalt and rejoice.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

Earthquakes, cyclones and all mystries,
Is power of an almighty hand;
His work is mysterious and omnipo-
tent,
No power lies with man.

God is holy, wise and great,
He is first and all;
When the time expires he gives to us,
In the hands of death we fall.

God justly does all things,
In him lies our life and doom;
In him we are blessed through life,
In him we triumph over the tomb.

In him we have a father,
Who knows our fate and heart;
From kind deeds and good works,
Never will he depart.

He rightly made all things,
Complete and justly done;
Through his love for the world,
He gave his own begotten son.

He sent his son in to the world,
All his days to grieve;
To bleed and die upon the cross,
For all that trust and believe.

Jesus taught the truth the way,
In him salvation was given;
He laid down his life for our rest,
And ascended in to heaven.

The Lord has prepared a place
For saints and sinners to meet;
As little lambs in the fold,
Around our Savior's feet.

What a shepherd we have in Jesus,
Who saved us by the cross;
He brought us safe in the fold.
When we were strayed and lost.

Jesus prepared a home of rest,
Where saints and angels sing;
His love a ransom of the world,
A home under glory's wing.

How sweet will be that happy home,
In our shepherd's fold to be;
Where no enemy ever shall roam;
A home of pleasure free.

What a father we have in God,
To take us from a world of sin;
And give a home of eternal joy,
With him and Jesus all within.

Where saint and sinner meet in joy,
Where angels takes us from the sod;
Where all as lambs in our shepherd's
fold.
Loved, kept and protected by God.

CHILDREN'S DUTY.

From the Bible we are taught,
A lesson for sister and brother:
Their days may be long on earth,
If they honor their father and moth-
er.

Not only does it make their parents
happy,
To obey obey their hope and will;
But in the heart of all that know them,
A tender feeling will fill.

Many parents fail to teach them,
It renders their child strayed and
lost;
Then trouble, sorrow and regret,
Is the debt and cost.

We all have been little infants,
And would have been in despair;
Had not it been for Providence,
And a tender mother's care.

Be obedient to your parents,
It is all children's duty;
And place contentment in their hearts,
With love, fame, beauty.

Strive to make your parents happy,
With a heart brave and bold;
It will place pleasure in their hearts,
In their days of old.

Always speak the truth dear child,
A story is a shame;
Do not let your thoughts grow wild,
But place them on the road of fame.

Strive to comfort your aged parents,
Through kindness with them to
please;
It will some day place in your heart,
Tranquility, pleasure and ease.

Their is a day we do not know,
When parents and child must part;
One from the other will have to go,
And leave an aching heart.

How soothing it would be to a mother's
heart,
From the time she gave her child its
birth;
To raise it up a generous child,
All its days on earth.

Child from parents some day must part,
Never to return again;
Travel your life with an honest heart,
That you may go and leave no stain.

If the life of the child that passes away,
Is moral, generous and good;
It soothes their hearts with love and
hope.
That their child is with the Lord.

How happy it would seem to all young
people,
How soothing to their parent's
breast;
When done on earth if they only knew
They would meet again in peace and
rest.

The happiness of a dutiful child,
With its parents never decay;
It will gratify the child,
With pleasure in its future days.

There is a day when parents must go,
And sorrow will enter the child's
heart;
But grief will banish and gladness
grow.
If the child have done its part.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

Drops of grief can never pay,
The debt to parents that children
owe;
But a rose of honor in the garden of
duty,
Will flourish if good seed they sow.

A moral child's sympathy and kindness
to its parents,
Spent a stream of love to bestow;
In the tender heart of their beloved
child,
Where their love, pleasure and happiness
flow.

Mother's advice is always good,
And father's is generally true;
If you take their teaching as your
guide,
It will make noble men and women
of you.

Don't let your youthful thought go wild
And your childish mind lead you
astray;
It will render your lives unreconciled,
Just as thousands are standing to-day.

Let obedience to your parents be your
duty,
While in your youthful days;
It will console their hearts with thanks
and love,
Until their weary life decays.

Devotion of a sister and brother,
Denotes love and conscience clear;
It gratifies the father and mother,
With happiness instead of despair.

To love and obey their parents,
Is the duty of a sister and brother;
The first duty they have to perform,
Is to honor their father and mother.

Mothers nursed us in their arms,
They brought us upon their knees;
In return for their love,
We should try their bosom to please.

Obey your parents youthful friend,
By them do your part;
Your deeds with the good will blend,
For the honor of your heart.

HOPES OF JOY.

We were placed on earth by the will
of the Lord,
Into a world of sin;
With evil thoughts and temptations,
Therefore we turn evil in.

Love, friendship and devotion,
Ought to be our song;
In our hearts he placed a conscience,
To teach us right from wrong.

By the dictates of our conscience,
We should live and stand;
So far as earthly things concern,
It is the only truth of man.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

Let our conscience be our guide,
Through reason and love to adore :
For we have no other aid,
Until we are given more.

Let us treat each other right,
And live upright, honest and fair ;
When friendship is exercised,
It places happiness there.

Let our lives be submissive,
Sin and evil be above,
The sweetest thing there is on earth
Is contentment, peace and love.

Peace and harmony is the river,
That honesty and love ascends,
If we paddle our boat upon its waters
We will have a plenty of friends.

Reason and sympathy make friend-
ship,
With strangers that are miles apart,
When they met on earth in harmony,
And show an honest heart.

If our friends stoop below us,
And in sin they go astray,
From the dictates of our heart
Tell to them the right way.

Some will curse others for their wrongs
As if their hearts were pure as flow-
ers.
Before we blame other people,
Let us think of ours.

Some will abuse others for their faults,
And through estimation try to hem,
When they sum up their own respect,
Then their sympathy will be for them

If a person talks about you,
Pass it by and let it go,
If your life is moral and good
It will prove to not be so.

Let our lives be calm and docile,
And place evil on the left,
The bravest hero is the man,
Who tries to conquer himself.

If on our journey we meet a tramp,
Let our love and hope impart,
For beneath those tattered garments
There may be an honest heart.

There are many people degraded in life
And through their style we cannot
see,
But we do not know their sentiments,
And what their troubles may be.

Let us all love each other,
Regardless of riches, chances or
features,
Keep peace and harmony in our hearts,
As humble human creatures.

Let us try to do our duty
And from evil let us refrain.
When our time expires on earth,
That we may go and leave no stain.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE

If the world abuses you,
Take it with patience to endure
For you are right in the sight of God
If your aims are pure.

Strive manfully through your life,
Surely you will be blessed,
If you put your hope and faith in
Christ,
To seek eternal rest.

If it should be that you have no friends
On earth to take your part;
You will be blessed in your future life,
If you have an honest heart.

If we are right thy grace impart,
Still in the right way to stay;
If we are wrong to teach our hearts
To find that better way.

If you chance to be better than others,
We are no more than them with God;
For we all will have to occupy
The same space of sod.

Let us remember that in heaven,
There is no diversion there,
And the poor as well as the rich,
Shall take an equal share.

Let our lives be meek and humble,
That our souls may be blessed;
When on earth our troubles are over,
Into eternal rest.

Though vile and full of sin we are,
Inherited from Adam and Eve.
We should wish their souls bright as a
star,
And unto goodness cleve.

We should seek that which is good,
If it be a tedious task;
Through obedience to the Lord,
Then let us humbly ask.

They first transgressed our maker's law
As we all do to-day.
In them we all fell in death,
Jesus alone our debt can pay.

We were told by Christ in ancient days
By hope and faith complete,
Would place us as the little lambs,
Around our shepherd's feet.

He laid down his life for our rest,
And willingly bore the pain.
For the humble on earth and them that
are gone,
To heaven to meet again.

Let's try to give ourselves to him,
For in our power there is no more
That we may rest as a fragrant flower
Upon that golden shore.

SWEET IS CONTENTMENT.
To the happiness of human life,
There is nothing so much inclined,
As an honest heart and clear conscience
And contentment of the mind.

A seat in a kingdom chair,
And the world combined,
Is not worth an honest heart,
And contented mind.

The mind of a hero,
Can be humble and confined;
With grief, trouble, regret and sorrow,
And discontentment of the mind.

The mind of a philosopher,
Can be fettered and entwined,
To feel the need of life's pleasure,
A contentment of the mind.

When the mind have growed encumbered,
Peace will never find;
Till the victim receives restoration,
And contentment of the mind.

Peace is the oil and steam of life,
That turns the wheel to grind;
Life is brakes and broken belts,
Without contentment of the mind.

Life passes away as a dream,
In enterprise we get behind;
'Things are not what they seem,
When we loose contentment of the
mind.

If we make of truth an epitom,
Our deeds warm and kind;
Joy will seek and visit our home,
With sweet contented mind.

When we loose the joy of life,
 We can but pray and pine,
 In toil, trouble, care and strife,
 For a contented mind.

If we had the courage and power,
 To make life sublime,
 Our lives would be charming flowers,
 To soothe and content the mind.

Man's experience and trials of life,
 Leads him to remind
 That he cannot love and care for all
 With a contented mind.

Grief would banish and gladness glow,
 Joy and pleasure would be a rhyme,
 From duty we would wean and go
 If all possessed a contented mind.

A happy appearance of many a person,
 Is only a plastering sign,
 Their hearts are grieved and burdened,
 And a discontented mind.

Union, friendship and devotion,
 Is the cord of love, the golden twine,
 Those that help to make this cord,
 Will some time have a contented
 Mind.

From the highest rank of the world's
 fame,
 Man might wisely resign,
 For an honest authentic heart,
 And a contented mind.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

From America's president chair,
I would gladly decline,
For the necessities of an humble home
And a contented mind.

We have our grief and troubles to bear,
God purposed all through him designed;
But the sweetest thing to human nature,
Is a contented mind.

When we sum up our respect to all,
Truth to the Lord great and divine.
Through submission we have to fall,
A discontented mind.

We have our days to survive on earth,
Be it joy or trouble that we find;
A poor weak and helpless creature,
Whether we have a contented mind.

CRICKET AND HIS MASTER.

Master, you have dominion of all,
The world to reside;
I, the only creature of all,
That visits your fireside.

Master, I am uneducated,
Are but an insect creature;
I want to tell you the contrast,
Of insect and human nature.

It is as all things of nature,
Why I visit thee;
To harm me with the science of nature,
You could make no plea.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

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For your comforts of fire and food,
That protects me the winter through,
I sing my song in insect's notes,
'Tis all that I can do.

I dwell in my little den,
As harmless as a lamb,
And steal a little now and then,
Of the crumbs from the jam.

Master it is not wrong of me,
I to the insect class belong,
But you have the knowledge of good
and evil,
To teach you right from wrong.

Master I do not possess,
Any knowledge and skill,
Of the wisdom of man's brain,
To please our Maker's will.

Master, why do you wrong indulge,
Profane, curse and swear,
And your duty to mankind
Fail to do your share.

Why will you kill, rob or murder,
Steal, cheat or tell a lie,
Envy, harm, abuse or slander,
Or drive the beggar by.

Why don't you live upright,
Your honest debts to pay,
Blot out the faults of your neighbor,
And cast them away.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

Why do you fight, drink and gamble?
And through your wealth away;
Deprive your family of the comfort of
life,
And starve the future day.

Why do you brake your vows,
And fail to do your part;
And commit any crime,
To burden any heart.

Why do you serve the demon,
And from duty go astray;
With a conscience in your heart,
Tha teaches the right way.

I dwell in the chimney crevice,
With no duty to bestow;
But in harmony and many together,
No enemy we make or know.

I give my thanks in insect notes,
Yet not me but nature:
You with the knowledge of good and
evil,
Are vile and a sinful creature.

There is a home prepared for man,
Far above the skies;
Why not perform the duty of man,
If you wish to win the prize.

After the Lord giving your conscience,
To make you a moral creature;
It takes his spirit, an endowed hand,
To change your carnal nature.

Master keep a plenty of fuel
And try to live a better man,
For your life if compared with mine,
Would place me in the highest stand.

Accept my song of thanks at night,
Remember my address to you,
Keep me crumbs in the jamb,
Master, I bid you long adieu.

KIND WORDS NEVER DIE.

Harsh and imprudent words,
Makes many devoted cry.
Let our speech be kind and gentle
Kind words never die.

Absurd and profane language,
We should all deny,
And speak refined and mild language,
Kind words never die.

With careful thoughts and devoted
hearts,
Our tongue we should defy,
Against a word of abuse or slander,
Kinds words never die.

Love is sweet to the heart,
Dignity is beautiful to the eye,
Pleasant words is friendship bliss,
Kinds words never die.

Abusive words often make,
Temptations in our bosom fly;
Wisdom reflects and ask forgiveness,
Kind words never die.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

Let our words be calm and docile,
Our aims grand and high;
Think carefully before we speak,
Kind words never die.

Think a moment, kind friend,
The ease with you and I;
Rash words displease us both,
Kind words never die.

Speak the truth, live the truth,
Here our duty lie;
Satan's words is profane and slander-
ous,
Kind words never die.

Swearing words often make,
Bitterness in repl;
Prudent words pleases and content,
Kind words never die.

Knowledge, love and respect,
Comes from above the sky;
Wisdom's way is blandness,
Kind words never die.

Love is the world's bloom of time,
Sweeter than lilies and blooms of
rye;
Affection is nature's ardor,
Kind words never die.

If by nature we have respect,
And in our hearts a tender tie,
Love will join us friends together,
With kind words that never die.

THINK BEFORE WE SPEAK.

We often do not think in time,
Our words are cold and bleak;
Think twice with careful thought,
Before we haste to speak.

Thought is care, care is thought,
Both combined is wisdom's cheek;
Think twice with careful thought,
Before we haste to speak.

Do not allow a blissful tongue,
Imprudent words to leak;
Think twice with careful thought,
Before we haste to speak.

Passion rudely attempts the tongue,
But wisdom prevails and makes it
meek;
Think twice with careful thought,
Before we haste to speak.

We all are indebted by gratitude,
From the briny wave to the moun-
tain peak;
Think twice with careful thought,
Before we haste to speak.

We should with prudence lay the plan,
The best moral elements to seek;
Think twice with careful thought,
Before we haste to speak.

Love forgives and felicitates,
Envy abuse slander and sneak;
Think twice with careful thought,
Before we haste to speak.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

Lies spoil and defiles Perfection,
They signify love and wisdom weak;
Think twice with careful thought,
Before we haste to speak.

SISTER AND BROTHERHOOD.

We are all brothers and sisters by flesh
and blood,
We inherited love and knowledge in
God's creating day;
When we love and help a brother or
sister,

A generous debt we pay.
God's love for us created the world,
He gives all blessings and duties to
obey;
When we love and help a brother or
sister,
A dutiful debt we pay.

Perversion, malice and temptations,
Leads many minds astray;
When we love and help a brother or
sister,
A moral debt we pay.

When we lose a moral and pious
friend,
Their memory rests in the clay;
When we love and help a brother or
sister,
An industrious debt we pay.

A good person's honor and deeds on
earth,

May pass memory but never decay;
When we love and help a brother or
sister,

A wise debt we pay.

From duty, respect, sympathy and love,
Man may flank but conscience does
not delay;

When we love and help a brother or
sister,

An honorable debt we pay.

Benevolence, charity and philial love,
Is a rose of virtue, its blooms are
gay;

When we love and help a brother or
sister,

A virtuous debt we pay.

With care we should seek the plan
The perfection of brother and
sisterhood to lay;

When we love and help a brother
or sister,

A blissful debt we pay.

Profane, fraudulent and unfriendly
ways,

Bring about sorrow and dismay:
When we love and help a brother or
sister,

A charitable debt we pay.

The Bible commands us to help each
other,

For thy enemies to love and pray;
When we love and help a brother or
sister,

A pious debt we pay.

God gives all love and knowledge,
A conscience to teach the way;
When we love and help a brother or
sister,
A rewarding debt we pay.

GOD'S LOVE FOR ALL MAN'S
UNTHANKFULNESS.

Knowledge is power, conscience is
truth,
It was given us the way to live by;
He that takes advantage of a weaker
knowledge,
Where does his honor lie?

He that is able to give a penny,
To the poor and needy, the orphans
that cry;
And will not share a penny to the lot
of his Savior,
Where does his honor lie?

Duty on earth makes rich blessings,
It rewards us when we die;
He that ignores and shrinks from duty,
Where does his honor lie?

God made all races and colors,
A fact we cannot deny;
He that disdains owing to color;
Where does his honor lie?

The man that possesses so much esteem,
And feels so grand and high;
Is vain, scornful and extreme,
Where does his honor lie?

The man that pretends to love a lady,
To learn her affection and seeks to
try,
And wins her love with no admiration,
Where does his honor lie?

The man that oppresses, cheats and
steals,
And harks to satan's plea in reply;
When conscience condemns, pleads and
appeals,
Where does his honor lie?

Honesty, love, justice and charity,
We might call piety's pie;
He that defiles with sour fruit,
Where does his honor lie?

God gives all blessings on earth,
He joins our hearts with a tender tie,
He that tattles and breaks friendship,
Where does his honor lie?

God's love for humanity created the
world,
His mercy is vision before our eye;
He that oppresses his brotherly flesh,
Where does his honor lie?

MAN'S TRIALS AND WEAKNESS

Man's days on earth are but few,
Power he Has none;
Though he lives and serves his days,
But little he has done.

He springs forth into the world,
Regardless of his own;
His ups and downs and trials of life,
Before they come are never known.

He spends his youth in sport,
His mind bright and gay ;
This period of pleasure is for the world,
His youth cheerfully passes away.

When he reaches the age of maturity,
And has passed a contented life ;
He then steps in the period of time,
To meet labor, toil and strife.

He has to strive all his life,
Daily one by one ;
In toil, trouble, trials and strife,
Death only makes his labor done.

If man's true life is warfare,
His mind is never at ease ;
The best he can do through love and
care,
The world he cannot please.

If man tries to live the truth,
Honesty and wisdom gives him
praise ;
He then will have implacable enemies,
To rebuke him all his days.

His hope is wealth, his lot is labor,
And discontentment all his day ;
His life floats up on the waves of time,
Until his weary life decays.

Foolishness, thoughts and temptations,
Surround him as an autumn mist ;
Every day to some extent,
There is evil to resist.

If he completes justly one deed,
With a conscience bright and fair;
The devil will come, persuade and
plead,
Him to blaspheme, curse and swear.

He may be honest with a good desire,
Would live upright if he could;
Then comes the devil with temptations,
Trying to lead him away from good.

If he accumulates wealth and riches,
From renown he must fall;
He has to lie down and die,
And carry nothing at all.

If he succeeds to a kingdom chair,
Or begs and sleeps upon the sod;
He has to die both as one,
To please the will of God.

To-day he may be strong and robust,
His mind bright as day;
At night retire in despair,
His pleasure gone and banished
away.

Man with his ingenuity,
May make his past lot a slave;
But honor and fame of mankind,
Goes no further than the grave.

If he has an honest heart,
The world gives him grief and tears;
If he has a dishonest heart,
For him there are but few that care.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

If he claims Jesus as his Savior,
There will be hundreds of thoughts
and guesses;
And watched after by the world,
To see if he is what he professes.

If his designs are but few,
And wealth he has not;
Many will avoid and scorn him,
In his unfortunate lot.

If he leads in philosophy,
And is a hero of his day;
Death will blast his hope and designs,
And place him in the clay.

When man reflects over his life,
And sees his days of vice and sin,
He makes up his mind with honest intent,
A better life to begin.

He bends the bow, he pulls the trigger,
The arrow sails its flight;
By temptation's charming smiles,
It curves from virtue's sight.

The gun well aimed, the hammer
sprung,
The cap and power gives the start;
The shot scatter and miss the target,
For the like of sincerity of the heart.

Often when contentment feels,
Man hopes that he has won;
Then comes temptations and evils.
Everything undone.

A debt of gratitude and respect,
To God each and every man owes.
He rudely snaps the cord of love,
Spins folly and twists foes.

He raises anchor for virtues shore,
Against temptation's gale;
He rides the waves of lust and sin,
The devil, the pilot of the ship and
sail.

A philosopher's Pen cannot describe,
A giant's fingers cannot span;
A hero's courage can form no way,
To place a true desire in man.

Man says he can and lays his plan,
With an earnest will and desire;
But passions rudely forget the plan,
Poor fellow is a liar.

He feels from piety's bloomy waves,
Duty to do his part;
But passions spoil, folly craves,
And pleasure wins his heart.

He loves his wife dearer than all,
She is the pleasure of his heart;
But God who gives, takes and calls,
From earth takes them apart.

Life may render many charms,
Wealth may make life so gay;
Wisdom may triumph in all designs,
But death takes all away.

When he trusts in his self,
He makes a wandering road to trod;
When he sees no virtue in his self,
He learns that it all lies with God.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

The world and friends he leaves behind,
 For eternity ever to last;
 Whether joy or pleasure that he finds,
 If lies with God to bless or cast.

God is all, God made all,
 Through a holy and merciful plan,
 If we die and go to rest,
 It is God and not of man.

Though he controls his animality,
 His mind through evil spreads and range;
 He strongly trusts in himself,
 His belief is hard to change.

The dictates of his carnal nature,
 He follows and may pursue;
 He does not admit nor believes the truth,
 'Til experience proves it true.

YOU MAY SUCCEED AT LAST.

Passions and violence destroy labor,
 But hope and energy is hard to blast;
 Stick tight to your integrity,
 You may succeed at last.

Think with care before you start,
 Of your business and methods to cast;
 Labor faithful with an honest heart,
 You may succeed at last.

Personal vigilance is the price of
prosperity,
Frugality saves without driving so
fast;
Prate for rights but not ignore
charity,
You may succeed at last.

Be a servant on virtue's ship,
When duty commands climb up the
mast;
Pilot your way for security's shore,
You may succeed at last.

We are bound to regret our evils and
wrongs,
And grieve of disobedience in the
past;
Make hope and reformation humble
songs,
You may succeed at last.

Life is trouble, trials are many,
A hero is he that completes his task;
Completion gives repose and awaits
next duty,
You may succeed at last.

Time and eternity waits for no one,
Honor and duties are many and vast:
Pursue your way noble daughter and
son,
You may succeed at last.

All blessings of God is bestowed upon
Us,
We do not have to ask—
Beseech his mercy with humble hearts,
You may succeed at last.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

TRY, TRY AGAIN.

The task may seem hard and difficult,
Doubts and fears may encumber the
brain;
But resolution is half of the battle.
Try, try again.

Industry promises to old age,
A help as a crutch or cane;
If you stumble and loose footholt,
Try, try again.

Though your life be a terror,
And all constructions you have lain;
Fall a victim to despair,
Try, try again.

Conscience will help to smooth rough
ways,
It is to duty a dressing pane;
If you have slubbered and run over
life,
Try, try again.

Plod your way through the world,
Seek best methods to ordain;
Toil to prune the rose of perfection,
Try, try again.

Passions and temptations gears and
hooks up,
Satan drives and holds the rein;
Ask of conscience the way to get loose,
Try, try again.

Conscience will give a true verdict,
Protest for right and wrong disdain;
And fill our hearts with gratitude.
Try, try again.

The good that others can do,
To live in harmony and leave no
stain;
Why through love may not you—
Try, try again.

There is a place of paradise,
No sickness, sorrow, trouble or pain;
God will bless that ask advice,
Try, try again.

REWARDING SENTIMENTS.

With truth, hope honesty and faith,
From evil let us refrain;
When we depart from this world,
That we may meet again.

Make life a helpful instrument,
Enemies do not disdain;
When we depart from this world,
That we may meet again.

Obey the Lord all you can,
Do not use his name profane;
When we depart from this world,
That we may meet again.

The way of perfect duty and respect,
Labor to learn and gain;
When we depart from this world,
That we may meet again.

March carefully down the road of life,
Satan sits at the mouth of the lane;
When we depart from this world,
That we may meet again.

For countries' welfare and prosperity,
Honest sentiments ordain;
When we depart from this world,
That we may meet again.

Do not swindle and abuse others,
It takes their rights and gives them
pain;
When we depart from this world,
That we may meet again.

Use no deception, speak the truth,
Live honest, fair and plain;
When we depart from this world,
That we may meet again.

The poor are oppressed, wronged and
scorned,
Do the best you know under their
reign;
When we depart from this world,
That we may meet again.

Love is the gate that opens to happiness,
Let not malice lock nor stain,
When we depart from this world,
That we may meet again.

Make harmony and charity the epitaph,
To describe our hearts when death
hath slain;
When we depart from this world,
That we may meet again.

Raise anchor for piety's shore,
All that lies in power to obtain;
When we depart from this world,
That we may meet again.

Be slow to believe, sure to forgive,
Passions and temptations try to re-
strain;

When we depart from this world,
That we may meet again.

Plant duty and respect in the garden
of love,
Roses will cheer you of the sweetest
strain;

When we depart from this world,
That we may meet again.

If we place God as first and give him
praise,
We find our selves wicked and in
vain;

When we depart from this world,
We ask his mercy to meet again.

WORK FOR FRIENDSHIP.

The duties of friendship to perform,
Will keep our thoughts wide awake;
Make life true and warm,
For friendship's sake.

Cursed is he that makes envy,
Lies, tattles and fraternity break;
Speak in praise and speak the truth,
For friendship's sake.

Love warms and never alarms,
Sweet as lilies of the lake;
Row your boat and gather charms,
For friendship's sake.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

If peace and harmony through human
regard,

We desire to make;
We will work if it be hard;
For friendship's sake.

In pursuit and plod for wealth,
Let honesty hold the stake;
Do not hate the man of stealth,
For friendship's sake.

Live upright, honest and fair,
Give rather than take;
In brotherly love do you share,
For friendship's sake.

CAUTION, LABOR, HONOR
AND SECURITY.

Caution is the parent of safety,
It gives a lesson to obey;
While you are out of trouble,
Work to keep it away.

Ask your conscience for security,
Of pleasure in the future day;
While you are out of trouble,
Work to keep it away.

Bad society often wins,
And leads the mind astray;
While you are out of trouble,
Work to keep it away.

Execution of evil measures,
Causes pleasure to decay;
While you are out of trouble,
Work to keep it away.

Imprudent words, revenge and grudge,
Often ends in a 'tray,
While you are out of trouble,
Work to keep it away.

Virtue is a wreath of honor,
It's beauty, brilliant and gay;
While you are out of trouble,
Work to keep it away.

When you see necessity and duty,
Execute, do not delay;
While you are out of trouble,
Work to keep it away.

Reason and think the best you can,
The surest plans to lay;
While you are out of trouble,
Work to keep it away.

All wrongs at some period,
Will bring on sorrow and dismay;
While you are out of trouble,
Work to keep it away.

If you take that you can not give,
Grief and sorrow cannot pay;
While you are out of trouble,
Work to keep it away.

The happiness of life is here explained,
In a short sentence to say:
While you are out of trouble,
Work to keep it away.

GIVE A HELPING HAND.

The grandest deeds in our power,
Among the human band:
Forgive love and respect all,
And give a helping hand.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

To cleanse our hearts of malice and
hatred,
This we might and can;
And place therein a nearer feeling,
And give a helping hand.

Blessed is the name of charity,
Ancient, old and grand;
Warm, kind and sympathizing,
And gives a helping hand.

Our days on earth are but few,
Our stay is short on land;
God loveth a cheerful giver,
And gives a helping hand.

To the heart of love and eye of wis-
dom,
Good is the benevolent man;
He blots out the faults of his neighbor,
And gives a helping hand.

Of all honor and duties of life,
That we make, bestow or plan;
One of the greatest of life perfections,
Is a helping hand.

If by friendship we are fraternal,
And in unity desire to stand;
Our hearts will avail itself eternal,
And give a helping hand.

Our Savior taught kindness and chari-
ty,
The Bible proves it a pious strand;
God gave his son to die for us,
It was love and a helping hand.

WEAKNESS AND FRAILTY
DOMINATING OVER SIN-
CERITY.

If we enact a low rule or constitution,
Over justice to hold sway;
We hark to the sound of the devil's
voice,
And throw God's words away.

If perversion dominate over conscience
That teaches the truth the way;
We hark to the sound of the devil's
voice,
And throw God's words away.

With love, knowledge and a teaching
conscience,
We do not serve and obey;
We hark to the sound of the devil's
voice,
And throw God's words away.

If we do not as we are commanded,
Keep holy the Sabbath day;
We hark to the sound of the devil's
voice,
And throw God's words away.

If the rose of perfection of life's duty,
We help to destroy or decay;
We hark to the sound of the devil's
voice,
And throw God's words away.

When passions rudely speak ill words,
And violence leads to a fray;
We hark to the sound of the devil's
voice,
And throw God's words away.

When we forsake parents and old people,
Whose heads are hoary and gray;
We hark to the sound of the devil's
voice,
And throw God's words away.

Peace is the bud of the rose of love,
If we destroy its odor and foliage
gay;
We hark to the sound of the devil's
voice,
And throw God's words away.

If any investment scheme or plan,
Further than honesty we lay;
We hark to the sound of the devil's
voice,
And throw God's words away.

If to help we can and shirk from duty,
When nothing prevents if we may;
We hark to the sound of the devil's
voice,
And throw God's words away.

If deeds of kindness and honest debts,
We do not try to pay;
We hark to the sound of the devil's
voice,
And throw God's words away.

Every passion and temptation,
Our hearts will betray;
When we hark to the sound of the devil's
voice,
And throw God's words away.

AVAIL THE TRUTH WITHIN
THY HEART.

Conscience, feelings and knowledge,
Dictates sentiments to avail;
Avail the truth within thy heart,
And unto honesty hail.

Eternity calls and clearly proves,
That life cannot prevail;
Avail the truth within thy heart,
And unto honesty hail.

Reformation may never come,
If procrastination do curtail;
Avail the truth within thy heart,
And unto honesty hail.

Folly, violence lies and neglect,
Renders our ways vile and frail,
Avail the truth within thy heart,
And unto honesty hail.

Use your oar the best you know,
Against temptation's gale;
Avail the truth within thy heart,
And unto honesty hail.

Pity, but resist those that test you,
With the flashing nature of male and
female;
Avail the truth within thy heart,
And unto honesty hail.

When we finish our task with trusting
labor,
Bright angels may raise the sail;
Avail the truth within thy heart,
And unto honesty hail.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

The devil blows up and starts the chase,
For human to lust and trail;
Avail the truth within thy heart,
And unto honesty hail.

Satan dictates and pleads the way,
But conscience reveals the tale;
Avail the truth within thy heart,
And unto honesty hail.

We are dead in sin, but duty and labor,
Our souls, our father may unvail;
Avail the truth within thy heart,
And unto honesty hail.

CONSCIENCE THE TRUE PILOT

When we have wandered vile and corrupt,
And have violated the laws;
Ask of conscience the reason why,
It will give the cause.

If we decline from truth and honor,
When duty commands a clause;
Ask of conscience the reason why,
It will give the cause.

Life and some duties seem hard and short,
Through weakness we often pause;
Ask of conscience the reason why,
It will give the cause.

WHY SHOULD WE HATE TO
WORK.

Prudent people do not lurk,
Oh, why should we hate to work?

God gave Adam the soil to till,
Of course it must have been his will.

Also with Eve, Adam's wife,
Work to do all the days of her life.

If working was given the two first to do
It is the duty of me and you.

God's promise a holy vow,
To bless labor and sweat of the brow.

God commanded from first til now,
All to live by the sweat of the brow.

He that labors to earn his bread,
Reaps of the blessings that God hath
spread.

An honest living is wisely bought,
When paid with the duty that Jesus
taught.

Our forefathers worked and tilled the
sod
With benevolent hearts and respect to
God.

In our youth we were young and gay,
They worked for us day by day.

When parents have become old and
gray,
Work for them, reward will pay.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

When death comes and takes them
away,
And places them silent in the clay.

Honesty and duty will rise and say,
Teey earned their living an honorable
way.

Labor is duty, work is fame,
Those that hate ar puny and lame.

Why should we hate the debt to pay,
To get our living the most honorable
way.

A noble heart and honor the boot,
That lives by labor of some pursuit.

Duty debauched if we shirk,
Oh, why should we hate to work.

HOW CAN WE FROWN UPON
THE POOR WITH SCORN.

How can we frown upon the poor with
scorn
When all with God were equally born-
ed?

Who is devout with the thanks of above
Thot scorns the poor with deviate love?

God's creation a holy design,
He fixed you and me, your lot and
mine.

He puts us on earth for a short stay,
He gives life, he takes it away.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

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The haughty may collect or inherit by
birth,
But like the poor only the dust of the
earth.

Scorn is vanity, piety has no foes.
God places all in the grave's repose.

The hills and vails our forefathers plod,
With tranquil hearts and praise to God.

If we heed their ways and their roads
to trod,
Can we scorn the poor with respect to
God?

Scorn and esteem comes to decay,
Haughty and extreme, it passes away.

God's mercy has fixed it so,
That heaven smiles upon the humble
and poor.

Think of Jesus, born so poor;
So great a love did he adore.

Think of the sinner that does ignore,
The lot of his Savior by scorning the
poor.

Love and respect is the bloom of time,
It opens the heart with a blissful rhyme.

Scorn defiles the wings of time,
Vanity soars and reveals the rhyme.

We die as one from dust were made,
Covered with dust by the shovel and
spade.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

Side by side we sleep in the sod,
All as one in the hand of God.

Who had rather live a life of scorn,
Without a bloom of courtesy a home to
adorn.

If we scorn a humane face,
A vain crime and a vile disgrace.

Blessings are spread by mercy's wing,
It hovers the poor much so as a king.

When we see that God loves all,
How can we scorn with a heart so cold.

Vanity fades and captured by the grave,
But love survives upon mercy's wave.

The highest heart of vanity's fame,
Comes to dirt and dust the same.

Death calls and divides apart,
The haughty, the vain and the pure in
heart.

It puts all away in the burial ground,
Where no scorner can give a frown.

When we pass about the lone spot,
Where human sleeps with a silent heart.

And think of days on earth, when
friends,
A cheerful feeling to heaven ascends.

The silent heart that sleeps in clay,
Where hatred and scorn have drove
away.

With a heart of love such thoughts are
sad.

Enough to make a stone feel bad.

Wisdom's way disdains scorn,
Love cares for the poor and forlorned.

If we would have life as a bright sun-
ny morn,
How can we frown upon the poor with
scorn.

ADHERE THE BOSOM MONI- TOR.

If we ask of conscience for informa-
tion,

We get the best admonition;

If we take advice we acquire,

The most valuable acquisition.

When we serve conscience the best we
can,

Divinity is the only addition;

When we forgive with a heart-felt
love,

Hope will be a trusting acquisition.

Conscience were given as a moral guide,

It teaches all a heavenly tradition;

It pleads sincere and protests against,

An evil acquisition.

Conscience is simple and authentic,

It isn't deception or a magician;

It teaches the way of life's perfection,

And directs to virtue's acquisition.

The teaching of the evil spirit,
Works with conscience in opposition;
When we heed the conscious way,
We make a safe acquisition.

Demon defiles, sneaks and construes
His plans with conscience in competition;
When we resist his vile deceptions,
The bravest acquisition.

Conscience dictates a true statement,
No error or supposition;
If we live and speak the truth,
A moral acquisition.

If we pervert our conscience,
It some day makes sorrow and submission;
Think of deeds that conscience has led
us,
A cheerful acquisition.

Tongue may prove charges false,
But conscience condemns with true
mission,
He that confesses and forgives faults,
A wise acquisition.

What our conscience reveals to us,
We can heed without superstition;
It always proves a just verdict,
And a pious acquisition.

Conscience and moral precepts,
Is virtue's blessing and wisdom's petition;
All combined makes life complete.
A pious acquisition.

Conscience, forgiveness, trusting and
labor,
Were made by hands holy and devine,
May open a way to heaven's remission.
Humbly beseech God's mercy for your
acquisition.

When mind reflects over evil ways,
Conscience protests for abolition;
Hark to the sound of the bosom moni-
tor,
Reap your acquisition.

ALL PRAISE TO GOD.

Every creature of every kind,
And the earth upon which we trod;
Were made by hands holy and de-
vine,
All the mercy of God.

The animal vegetable and mineral king-
dom,
Season's sickness and death which
places us in the sod;
Trouble, pleasure, hell, heaven, labor
and Jesus,
All the mercy of God.

Love, strength, heart and conscience,
That opens the road of duty to plod;
And all creation visible to the eye,
All the mercy of God.

Man's fate and heart compared to heav-
en,
Is but an evil nod;
He cannot thank with a true spirit,
For all the mercy of God.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

CONDUCT KILLS THE CHARGE.

If duty mark our foot prints,
And honor we live by;
Then if charges made against us,
Conduct proves it a lie.

If through gratitude we are true,
We will help distresses' cry;
Then if charges made against us,
Conduct proves it a lie.

When deeds have evinced a noble heart,
Other tongues cannot deny;
Then if charges made against us,
Conduct proves it a lie.

If the key of harmony we keep with
zeal,
And invading malice we defy;
Then if charges made against us,
Conduct proves it a lie.

If we hoist our sail for duty's shore,
And never anchor to the please vanity's eye;
Then if charges made against us,
Conduct proves it a lie.

If we live devout and repect each other,
oN lie or charge will brake the tie;
Peace and good will toward each other,
Our fate above a lye.

THE FAILURE OF MAN'S
HEART.

Man has a knowledge of good evil,
A conscience to teach the way;
A heart to bear the pains and burden,
If evil leads him astray.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

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His temptations, folly and desires,
May in his bosom throng;
But in the midst stands judge conscience,

To preside over all that is wrong.

Man has a brain to read the commandments,

His duty to fulfill;
But pleasure attracts his weaker parts,
Folly overpowers his will.

He has an ear to hear the gospel,
Of Jesus the Lord of all;
He cannot trust with true faith,
He is too weak and small.

He has a tongue to speak the truth,
A heart felt knowledge of compassion and pain;
Both often retreat by nature's denial,
Tongue often taking God's name in vain.

He has feet and legs to bear his muscles.
To labor day by day;
But lust and pride reveals a plan,
To live some other way.

He has too hands to earn his living,
Fingers to count just and right;
But many with ink and fraudulent calculation,
Get their living so easy and light.

With fingers, hands, feet and legs,
Knowledge and heart to teach the way;

He wanders his way through folly,
From prudence and piety he goes astray.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

Brain and tongue says I can, ears and
hands,

Eyes, feet and legs, to march the way,
But when heart reflects and sums up it
faith,

It finds a debt disable to pay.

THE DUTY OF YOUTH WILL
COMFORT OLD AGE.

Obedience to parents is children's duty,

It brings about pleasure and mirth;
Honor thy father and mother that the
days

May be long on earth.

Father works and cares for his chil-
dren,

Mother's love is tender and warm;
Obey their will and take advice,

It is the first duty you have to per-
form.

Children's industry is the bud of youth,
To the heart of the parents it is a
charm;

Listen to parents to the age of account-
ability,

And you'll keep away from all harm.

When you have reached the age of ma-
turity,

In youthful prudence and faculties
strong,

Ask of conscience the way of duty,

It approves the right and condemns
the wrong.

Procure an education, a blessing to
have,
Not obscure, but of wisdom's kind;
It will render you virtue, skill and
honor,
A noble heart and contented mind.

Live the truth, speak the truth,
Perversion is the defiling knife;
Honor will lead you in some floral gar-
den,
To pluck sweet roses and perfection
of life.

You can not make life sublime,
Nevertheless do all you can;
When you reach the age of maturity,
You may be a noble woman or man.

When you reach the age of maturity,
You then have life's roads to trod;
March along by the lights of your con-
science,
It will lead you right with the words
of God.

Do by others as you would be done by,
Trust in God, he is omnipotent and
allwise;
With respect you will live through duty
you will die
Here all your duty lies.

ALL PRAISE TO GOD FOR FOOD.

God gives the night for our rest,
And labor in the morn;
All we eat he hath blessed,
None greater than the corn.

To the relish of appetite,
It is sweet and good ;
Thanks and praise for the plant,
It is the chief of food.

Other diets without knead of flavoring,
There are scarcely none ;
The corncake only need to be,
Cooked with water alone.

When corn is given domestic stock,
What an animal feast ;
Raise a plenty, increase the flock,
It is the crop for man and beast.

No crop do we cultivate,
Prettier than a field of corn ;
The golden tassels, the glossy silks,
Glittering with the dew drops of the
morn.

All animals relish corn,
From the elephant down to the squirrel ;
Plant and reap the blessed harvest,
It supplies and feeds the world.

The plow man in the cornfield,
Making his daily bread ;
Wipes the sweat of duty and honor,
And reaps the blessings that God
hath spread.

The tiller does his daily work,
For children must be fed,
Mercy wipes his sweaty brow,
And gives a plenty of bread.

Increase the crop with grand old corn,
It is the king of plants;
It makes man and stock fat and sleek,
A year's supply in advance.

Labor was given us to do,
Why should we take it hard or dull;
A man never hungers and suffers,
When labor has filled his con crib
full.

We are called from labor to its relish,
By the bell and horn;
Send up praise and thanks to God.
For the grand old corn..

A MYSTERY IN TRANSGRESSION.

God made and created all,
Good and very bad;
But Adam and Eve disobeyed,
Though he knew they would.

God's works are holy, wise and great,
But we do not understand;
Why the serpent approached the garden,
And beguiled the woman and man.

We can but think and consider,
But never learn to find,
Why the flesh was stained with sin,
By the devil's design.

Would there ever been a child born,
I don't think there ever would,
Had not it been for transgression,
Then it is for our good.

Man was given dominion of all,
To multiply and replenish the earth,
To propetuate and accomplish this,
It takes propetual birth.

I admit that I don't know much,
Of God's holy plan,
To explain and give a reason,
It takes a wiser man.

So far as I can imagine,
Is judging from the sheep;
He loses life, sick or slaughtered,
No rage or murmur he makes or keep

Again we notice men and women,
So slow and so good;
Give them full force of life,
Great deeds to do they would.

We see in both man and brute,
That possesses much force within;
Of ambition, energy and aspiration,
Is the first to win.

It seems to me had not it been,
For transgression the cause of birth;
that man would never dominated,
And controlled the earth.

Adam and Eve in their first state,
Had only the garden to dress;
But when driven out to labor and con-
ception,
Transgression was in their breast.

It seems to me had not it been,
For the disobedience of the man and
wife;
We would not had the vim and courage,
To bear the trials and imperfections
of life.

How quick do passions rudely revive,
In defiance of those we love;
To protect partially through ambition,
forgetting the commandments of
above.

Again if all were perfect and good,
Bound by the holy bond of love;
Life would be a star of perfection,
To shine on heaven above.

The root and cause of transgression,
We do not understand;
But God is holy and divine,
His work a mystery to man.

EVIL DECLINE AGAINST RE- LIGION.

A man that loves his fellow-man
And pious duty to obey,
Tries to live friendly and honest
And seeks the righteous way.

A man that goes in bad society,
And in their measures go astray;
To please his will or others' folly,
Does not seek the righteous way.

A man that exalts his strength or
wealth,
And scorns any color young or gray,
Brings on trouble at some period,
By not seeking the righteous way.

Charity blooms in piety's bosom,
Its sweetness to the soul never decays
He that takes instead of giving,
Does not seek the righteous way.

A man that defrauds, injures or lies,
For accumulation of his future day,
Does not possess humane respect
And seek the righteous way.

Blessed is he that makes peace,
And the plan for harmony lays;
Cursed is he that breaks the peace,
Against the righteous way.

A man that does not try to forgive,
And for his enemies pray,
And give all things up to God,
Does not seek the righteous way.

NEVER SAY I CAN'T.

A sluggard's plea is no excuse,
It is inferior to the little ant;
Busy as a bee, industrious is he,
That never says I can't.

Industry is the bloom of life,
Through honor it shares to grant,
Man becomes a slothful sluggard,
When he says I can't.

The seed of sorrow we often sow,
Which grows to be a dwarfish plant;
To weed and reap a successful row,
We must not say I can't.

The row becomes foul with grass,
The sluggard grows and pants;
He reaps no harvest at all alas,
When he says I can't.

Perseverance accomplishes much,
Patience rolls obstacles down the
slant;
When combined generally triumphs,
The victim is I can't.

The energy of life prudently guided,
And supervised observant,
Will square the log of honor,
The knots need not say it can't.

THE SAVIOR'S LOVE.

Jesus died on Calvary's mountain,
He submitted himself for all;
To bleed and die upon the cross,
For those on Him who call.

He shed his blood for our sins,
That we might through him be saved;
On him depends our wretched hearts,
A Triumph over the grave.

He submitted himself with all power.
On earth and in heaven above;
To die and go down in the grave,
To redeem those he loved.

He breathed the calm sweet sleep of
death,
Three days in the grave,
To cleanse the heart of wrecked sinners,
A loving Savior Jehovah gave.

In the grave he fixed it complete,
A happy home to please us;
Who would have borne the spear of
 death,
 And given their life for Jesus?

He rose again the third day,
His power spread his fame;
His love a ransom of the world,
 For all that believe upon his name.

He bore our burden, he paid our debt,
And ascended to heaven above,
To prepare a home for his children,
 To sing praise, peace and love.

When we have finished our journey of
 life,
And eternity sounds its call;
He sends his angels to take us home,
 To meet the Lord of all.

A heavenly home of joy and love,
None save Jesus he gives alone;
He sacrificed his precious blood,
 To join us in his throne.

There to praise the tender shepherd,
No tears of sorrow fall;
All praise and honor of his ascension,
 Bestowed the Lord of all.

ATTEND TO THINE ALONE.

Life defiled, name debauched,
Peace bids you long adieu:
When you concern yourself in other
 business,
 That does not concern you.

Meddling makes foes and enemies,
And friends but very few;
It is well to let that alone,
That does not bother you.

To accomplish well life's perfection,
We must the line of wisdom hew;
Measure the sill with the rule of honor,
It is the square for me and you.

An honorable man with ways pervert,
The world never knew;
If you mingle with bad companions,
They will bring on trouble to you.

The world was made through love and
mercy,
Each and everything we view;
If we give God the praise of all,
It will moralize me and you.

God blesses and cares for all,
He gives us duty and work to do;
Dictated by the star of truth,
The conscience of me and you.

Prudence accomplishes many things,
Honesty makes us brave and true;
Precision will eventually make you
friends
That now are foes to you.

GOVERN THE TEMPER.

Hold your temper for self sake,
This is the prudent way;
Often when it is not controlled,
It hands the body down to the clay.

When passions condemn our feeble
 hearts,
And conscience asks the mind to obey;
We find our selves vain and defiled,
 And in sin have gone astray.

Temper governed and tongues withheld,
 Keeps peace day by day;
When the body discharges the violence
 of temper,
Friendship tears away.

Eternity is for ever and ever,
 Life is only a short stay;
If we control our tongues and temper,
 The less we will account for judgment day.

By holding the temper we learn
 A pleasant and prudent way;
Temper held discloses the bloom of
 life,
With a fragrant savor that never
 will decay.

Perverted temper kindles the tongue
 Ambition leads to a fight or fray;
But bravery is caution, wisdom reflects,
 And makes no trouble to pay.

The best we can do we cannot avoid,
 And drive all temper away;
But thought and meditation will help to
 restrain,
And finally peace and comfort will
 pay.

ALL MY HELP FROM GOD.

God's love and mercy gave my birth,
God blessed me on my mother's arm;
God blessed my mother to love me,
To her heart I was a charm.

God blessed me in the cradle,
God blessed my days of youth;
God blessed me with a mother and
father,
That always taught me the truth.

God gave me life, health and strength,
And eyes that I might see;
Every blessing of my life
God has handed down to me.

God blessed me with a conscience,
To guide my steps day by day;
Yet am an alien vile and blind,
Open my heart to know thy way.

God has blessed me twenty-eight years
of age,
Blessed my arm with a poet's hand;
How my pencil has written this book,
'Tis more than my heart can under-
stand.

DO NOT SCORN THE POOR.

(Written at 16 years of age.)

Do not scorn the poor, dear friends,
Why should this ever be done;
After toiling all their life,
And their task they have won.

What does the poor class inherit,
Toil and trouble all their days;
And strive manfully onward,
Until their weary life decays.

I to-day know poor people,
Whose best days are past and gone;
And are striving in worn out garments,
That are scarcely hanging on.

Why not sympathize with them,
If they have done thir part,
For beneath their tattered garments
There may be an honest heart.

Strive manfully, old friends,
Surely you will be blessed,
For accumulations in this world
Have never sent a soul to rest.

The rich may dream of their treasures,
And through bondage may not see;
But halt a moment and think that industry,
Is the thing for you and me.

And do not forget my friends,
That we all are as one with God.
And all will occupy,
The same space of sod.

And remember that in heaven,
There is no division there;
And the poor as well as the rich,
Shall take an equal share.

THE SOLDIER BOY

(Written at 18 years of age.)

There was once a young man of high
renown,

His age was twenty-one;
He was upright, honest and true,
To his mother was a precious son.

He always obeyed his mother's rules,
His father he never knew;
He never had a brother or sister,
Him and mother were the only two.

He tried to live upright,
And evil he did abhor;
While sitting one evening reading his
Bible,
He received a request to the war.

Let me tell you, mother, dear,
For it is like I say;
Many a soul has been slain in battle,
And are now silent in the clay.

When orders are given to soldiers of
war,
Of course they must obey;
To shoulder the gun and rally to the
flag,
And struggle for life all day.

Good-bye, good-bye, mother, dear,
From you I must part;
And off he went to the war,
With a wounded, broken heart.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

He had to fight through rain or shine,
And often sleep on the sod,
And face the balls with an unwilling
heart,

Though he gave his thanks to God.

Early one morning battle began,
It continued all that day;
That afternoon in his struggle,
He received his dying dismay.

He was shot at the close of day,
And wounded near the ear.
His autograph was attached to his
heart,
Send this to mother dear.

I hope we will meet at rest, dear mother,
On earth we cannot meet again;
I was with you last night in a beautiful
dream,
But to-day I have been slain.

He lay on the battle field all that night,
No one to assist him at all,
But he lived and trusted in Jesus
Who gave him a welcome call.

The night was dark and dreary,
And snow began to fall,
And there he lay with snowy white
feet,
And murmured so cold, so cold.

The next morning the sun rose clear,
And he lay beneath the snow,
But his soul had fled to heaven above
Out of his troubles below.

Now he lies in his cold silent tomb,
But light awakened his soul,
His spirit was conveyed to angels above
In glowing robes of gold.

In glowing robes of gold he stands,
And so sweetly does he adore
To meet his Saviour, the pilot of peace,
Who provided for him above.

Now he resides with his Redeemer,
And in need for nothing to enjoy,
If you are ever taken and carried to the
war
Remember that righteous boy.

THE EVIL ONE.

The devil has the right name,
He never did a gentle act,
When the devil swells you up
Draw up and mash him back.

Wherever the weaker part lies
He knows exactly the crack,
When the devil swells you up
Draw up and mash him back.

We cannot keep him out of us,
A power we always lack,
When the devil swells you up
Draw up and mash him back.

He is attentive to his purpose,
Never lazy, never slack,
When the devil swells you up
Draw up and mash him back.

All the wrong that we do
We follow in the devil's track,
When the devil swells you up
Draw up and mash him back.

We should do the right way,
Through evil he is exact,
When the devil swells you up
Draw up and mash him back.

He is beneath the weakest creature,
His ways are mean and black,
When the devil swells you up,
Draw up and mash him back.

A WILL IS HALF OF LABOR

A will is a way and preparation
Our duties to fulfill,
A field cleared and nicely walled
For those that are willing to till.

A plow to upturn the sod
And also run the row
A drill to sow and cover well
That the seed may sprout and grow.

A hoe to thin out the plants
And keep the weeds away
A crop flourishing to advance
The tiller double pay.

HOW GREAT IS MAN.

All the sea and earth,
God gave unto man.
He has power and dominion,
Over all things of the land.

He rules controls and masters
All things upon the sod,
With a soul immortal
In the image of God.

Woman knows that the Lord
Gives all strength to fiod,
Yet she looks to man in a sense
As man looks to God.

From man animals flee;
Woman fears his hand,
All creatures figure valor
In the face of man.

He has an ancient promise
If he tills the sod,
To be blessed with bread
By the hand of God.

In the likeness of Christ,
He stands stalwart on his feet,
With the vegetables for his relish,
The animal for his meat.

The briny waves, the hills and vales,
The floral plains so beautiful and
fair;
The mountain peak to lift him up,
To proclaim all partially in his care.

Man has wisdom and skill,
With valor his modes to lay;
To brush out obstacles
In his pursuing way.

He knows that vice and sin,
Is the spirit of the devil;
The lamp of life in his heart,
To show him good from evil.

Providence have given men duties,
To exalt and perform;
God plants his foot upon the wave,
And rides upon the storm.

A flesh of dust, a soul possessed,
What a wonderful thing,
With the spirit of god-made manifest,
To please the heavenly king.

By labor he gets the earth's fertility,
And stores the world's consumation;
To eat, drink and live upon,
The natural work of God's creation.

A divine father in the sky,
That worketh all things well;
Who gave his son to bleed and die,
To save his soul from hell.

NATURE'S DARKNESS.

God sits above in his heavenly throne,
In him our power lie;
We die in darkness, the truth unknown,
When never sent down from the sky.

God, the Father, Christ the son,
Grace, power and glory, the holy
ghost;
If not poured out by the holy one,
Our poor souls are lost.

Divine knowledge, truth and under-
standing,
We learn by the Savior's reveiling
love;
The sun a figure of the holy ghost.
Yet man in nature views nothing
above.

All hidden in Jesus far above,
Sin and darkness upon the land;
Nature knows nothing of his love,
The heart and ear can't feel and understand.

In Jesus lies the truth and grace,
He wroughts it in to the heart of man;
All in darkness to the human race,
Only those he enables to understand.

He reveals his power in the sinner's heart,
Showing that nothing good in man,
Not a gospel sentence can nature impart;
Only by revelation that we understand.

He lifts the sinner out of darkness,
Into the pulpit to bless his name;
Nature preaches man's belief and tongue,
Ignorant of the spirit and Christ's fame.

He opens the scriptures to the blind sinner,
Showing na faith and power is our's;
Nature talks of its own in the pulpit,
Blind and ignorant of divine powers.

Where his servents assembles to preach,
The hungry and thirsty throngs;
Nature can't hear the gospel preached,
Neither the melody of the gospel songs.

No man can hear Christ's gospel,
Neither the melody of the gospel
song;
That have not fed of the spirit
And learned that he was wrong.

The gospel preacher proclaims Jesus,
The truth, the way and the light;
Nature preaches without revelation,
And thinks it preaches him right.

Nature preaches its faith and doctrine,
With the light of nature to under-
stand;
Spiritual light shows death the end,
Of the way that seameth right unto
man.

'Tis grace that makes a will to do,
'Tis grace that teaches the heart to
fear;
Nature knows not the knowledge of the
truth,
An understanding heart an ear.

The sinner that grace calls to preach
Grace dictates and words imparts;
Others that preach are false prophets,
Without the truth wrought it in their
hearts.

Nature's belief of the scripture,
Is but a wandering road to trod;
Christ in spirit opens the scriptures,
Then we behold the word of God.

Man in nature thinks he knows,
And is but sin and dust of the sod;
Through ignorance he lives and dies,
Not knowing that it all lies with
God.

SPIRITUAL LIGHT.

God sets above in his heavenly throne,
In him our power lie;
We die in darkness, the truth unknown,
Without it is sent down from the sky.

God, the Father, Christ the Son,
Grace, power and glory, the holy
ghost:
It quicken the soul, shoes all as one,
In nature the poor soul were lost.

Divine knowledge, truth and under-
standing,
We learn by the Savior's revealing
love,
He in spirith, the truth and light,
Brings it down from the throne
above.

All hidden in Jesus far above,
Sin and darkness upon the land;
Nothing known but by his love,
When he opens the heart to under-
stand.

In Jesus lies the truth and grace,
He wroughts it in to the heart of
man,
To proclaim his power to a dieing race,
Of whom he loves to understand.

He reveals his power in the sinner's
heart,
Showing that nothing good in man,
Gives whom he will the gospel to im-
part,
That the meek and lowly may under-
stand.

He lifts the sinner out of darkness,
Into the pulpit to bless his name,
He gives him knowledge and words
his tongue,
The only tongue that can preach his
fame.

He opens the scripture to the blind sinner,
Showing no faith and power is ours,
He makes man an instrument,
To explain and preach divine powers.

Where his servants assembles to preach,
The hungry and thirsty throngs,
There they are fed with the gospel
And heavenly music in their songs.

No man can hear the gospel,
Neither the melody of the gospel
song;
But he that have fed of the spirit,
And learned that he was wrong.

The gospel preacher proclaims Jesus,
The truth, the way and the light;
Jesus in spirit only knows by revelation
Who else can preach him right.

Others preach there faith and doctrine,
The things they think they understand;
The end thereof is death, says the Bible,
The way that seemeth right to man.

'Tis grace that makes a will to do,
'Tis grace that teaches the heart to
fear;
'Tis grace that plants the knowledge
of the truth,
An understanding heart and ear.

The sinner that grace calls to preach,
Grace dictates and words imparts;
Jesus gave his disciples the gospel to
teach,
Through revelation in their hearts.

Carnal belief of the scripture,
Is but a wandering road to trod;
When the day star rises and opens the
scripture,
It opens our eyes to the word of God.

Man in nature thinks he knows,
And is but sin and dust of the sod;
When the day star rises in the heart's
repose,
We see that it all lies with God.

DIVINE POWER.

The Lord is alpha and omega,
He is the first and the last:
There was never no beginning,
His time will never pass.

He had reigned in his kingdom,
Always before man's creation;
No world, no sea and no sin,
No country and no nation.

In a throne of grace and glory,
Yet he seems natural in creation;
He sent his son with grace and truth,
To administer to his nation.

In a throne of truth and glory,
The Lord had always dwelled;
Even before man's creation,
The world, heaven or hell.

The world must into ruin go,
The sun forbear to shine;
The moon and stars fade away,
By the power of God divine.

It pleased him in his spiritual wisdom-
dom,
To make the world and all;
When his spirit ceases to strive with
man,
The world into ruin will fall.

He stretched forth his hands in the
work of nature,
He designed to suit his will;
He made all good and blessed his la-
bor,
His work is standig still.

He made heaven for his children,
He suffered the flames of hell below;
The heat, the sun and sends the rains,
To give all life to grow.

He blesses both brute and human,
To conceive and bring forth birth;
He looks after them through life,
And blesses their stay on earth.

Every living thing that grows on earth,
Visible to the humane eye;
By the consistent will of God.
Has to decay and die.

'Tis God in spirit and in grace,
All spiritual things we learn;
Nature created all things from dust,
Unto dust they must return.

The earth gives her growth,
It comes to decay;
Man lives his days,
And he passes away.

God created the earth for his children,
Out of the earth their food to grow;
He gives them life, health and strength,
At his call they all must go.

THE HEART'S REPOSE.

Procrastination is the thief of time,
Truth reveals it at its close;
Sip the tongue and lips in truth,
And give the heart repose.

Wisdom's way will lead you right,
Time and experience will disclose;
Sip the tongue and lips in truth,
And give the heart repose.

Up right and honest deeds,
Gains friends and loses foes;
Sip the tongue and lips in truth,
And give the heart repose.

On every tree sound and perfect,
Its blooms are sweet, good fruit it
grows;
Sip the tongue and lips in truth,
And give the heart repose.

Good deeds cheer our feeble hearts,
This each and every one knows,
Sip the tongue and lips in truth,
And give the heart repose.

Do by others as you would be done by,
A debt each and every one owes;
Sip the tongue and lips in truth,
And give the heart repose.

Ask of conscience the way of duty,
It reveals the right and wrong oppose;
Sip the tongue and lips in truth,
And give the heart repose.

Charity is greater than hope or faith,
So said Jesus, the spiritual rose;
He budded in spirit and bloomed in
truth,
To give the heart repose.

Place all hope and trust in him,
We reap fruit from seed we sow :
He beseeche the father for all that love
him,
To give the heart repose.

Hope and faith has to be given,
Charity from youth the spirit bestowes,
The morning star and lamb of God,
He gives the heart repose.

THE BRIGHT AND MORNING
STAR.

Man in nature things he knows,
And from truth he is so far;
For Christ was just what he said,
The bright and morning star.

We pursue our way in sin and nature,
Nothing proves it but revelation;
And the morning star to search our
hearts,
With truth and manifestation.

The heart is in nature's darkness,
The eye as blind as blind can be;
'Tis the bright and morning star,
That opens the heart and eyes to see.

The spirit is beyond nature,
Just as the day above the night;
But never known 'till the morning star,
Rises and gives her light.

Things of nature were made by na-
ture,
All things of nature in the dark;
Yet unknown till the morning star,
Drops her spiritual spark.

She rises near the dawn of day,
In darkness she gives her light;
There she shows the spirit as day,
And nature as the night.

The sun rises and lights the world,
A spiritual token plain and bright;
Yet nature perceives it not;
'Till the morning star gives her light.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

God in spirit as the day,
Man in nature as the night;
The morning star rises in darkness,
And reveals the spiritual light.

The world in nature and in darkness,
And from truth it was so far,
This is what Jesus meant,
When he said he was the morning
star.

The morning star rises up,
Just before the dawn of day,
Spreads its beams in life's darkness,
And reveals the truth and way.

A DUTIFUL GIRL.

The Lord in his mind and purpose,
When he made and blessed the world;
The sweetest thing he placed on earth,
Is a kind and dutiful girl.

God blessed her on her mother's knees,
He blesses her in her mother's arms;
Then opens the bud of youth and purity
Though maturity discloses the
charms.

God blesses all her days of youth,
Every blessing kind and good;
She obeys her parents, her first duty;
As she comes along in womanhood.

Her face is sweet, her deeds are good,
She always does her part;
Nature opens the bud of virtue,
In her true and pious heart.

God opens her thoughts to account-
ability,

It tells her evil and good;
She extends her thanks to Jehovah,
In noble womanhood.

She obeys her parents and consoles her
self,

With gratitude to father and mother,
She lays the plan of duty and virtue,
To her little sister and brother.

Her mind is soothed with wisdom's
bliss,

Her heart is good and kind;
Her face is sweet with lovely shades,
Her beauty is refined.

She toils to please her family circle,
A gentle heart and industrious aid:
Gratitude appeases her mind,
A gentle and loving maid.

Luck may render a glowing mansion,
Or a rugged cabin hall,
Be it either there she dwells,
In sweet love for all.

She takes delight in her daily work,
She retires in honor to take her rest;
There she sleeps in sweet repose,
Refreshes her mind and noble breast.

She rises early for morning labor,
And to her duty haste;
Perverted ways, pride and scorn,
Do not her hours waste.

Joy breathes in her smiles,
The rose blushes on her cheek;
Industry sparkles in her eyes,
Her heart is gentle and meek.

She walks out in the garden of duty,
She sows her seed with love to start,
She covers the seed with honor,
From her warm and tender heart.

Her seed spring forth with gratitude,
Out of industry's row,
And fills her heart with pure delight,
Where joy and pleasure flow.

Every plant grows up to maturity.
With the sweetness of love and fame,
Every limb extends her virtue,
Every leaf paints her name.

Every bud blooms with perfection,
Sweetness and savor to give her rest,
Every bloom is a wreath of memory
Upon her brave and noble breast.

Her labor gives her joy and rest,
No sorrow, grief nor strife.
She walks out in her floral garden
Plucks sweet roses and perfection of
life.

She plucks the roses of her labor,
She gratifies herself with a gentle
kiss,
Sweetness, odor, fragrance and savor
Fills her heart with joy and bliss.

She wears the wreath of moral precepts,
It rends her sorrow away,
Her labor is a constant growing rose
To make anew when her wreath de-
cays.

Her love reveals her womanhood,
It proclaims her name good and
smart
It points to the eye of the world's fame
A good and dutiful heart.

DIVINE COMMUNICATION.

Man created in nature's design,
Built from the dust of the sod,
He thinks he knows, but is completely
blind,
Only as shown by the spirit of God.

He knows God no farther than nature,
He trusts that he has spiritual light,
Blind as a bat in nature's darkness,
The darkest hour of the night.

God shows himself in power and vision
The poor mortal receives the light,
It shows his heart the spirit as day
And nature as the night.

Man has no aid but his heart and mind
Carnal by nature and dust of the sod;
When God begins to teach his heart,
He will deny his Almighty God.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

Spiritual light makes a wilderness of
nature,

Roads of troubles to trod
There he ponders in the darkness of na-
ture,
Is it the devil or is it God?

Man's heart is frail to the laws of God
The lust of the world is the theme of
his soul,
The grace of God only can quicken,
Cleanse and prepare for the heavenly
fold.

When Christ the way and the light
Peeps through the clouds with a
heavenly smile,
Away with the world and the works of
man,
All vanity, vain and vile.

God reveals himself in various ways,
His spirit makes the heart to believe,
The natural eye cannot see,
Neither can the heart perceive.

God is spirit man of the dust
How can nature help a doubt
Jesus the mediator between man and
God,
Plainly searches all things out.

THOUGHT AND MEDITATION

The key of joy hangs in heaven,
To open the door is to obey,
With pains, thought and meditation,
Or else pleasure rends away.

Youth may trust in sinful flesh,
The future with trouble will betray,
In the bosom of meditation,
When pleasure has flown away.

How quick can life be defiled,
And pleasure come to decay,
When a moment of meditation,
Would have driven the trouble away.

Various deeds often take life,
And terminate in a woeful fray,
When meditation would have saved life
And cast the trouble away.

Time, patience and a will,
Could find a needle in a stack of hay,
Success is thought and meditation,
It keeps the trouble away.

Moral precepts and laboring foot prints
Is nature complete all O. K.,
Then Jesus alone with divine meditation,
Drives our pleasure away.

Good will to all is peace to all,
Honesty tries all debts to pay,
Thus gains the heart and hand of all,
And keeps trouble away.

Natures greed often refrains,
Against the conscious sway,
From meditation it abstains,
Then trouble is the way.

We are but dust and ashes,
Sinful and petrifying clay,
Let meditation preserve the life,
And drive the trouble away.

Duty to do is the best we know,
The world will wag as it may,
Meditation proves this so,
And keeps trouble away.

A hapless life all alas
A gloomy hope day by day,
When meditation were not asked
To drive the trouble away.

THE FOLLY OF MAN.

Man knows God has all power
To obey he says that he ought,
But folly often wins his heart,
For every man has a fault.

Some curse, abuse and slander,
And tell a wilful lie,
With a plenty in his store
And drive the needy by.

Some envy and begrudge
What his neighbor has in store,
Turn his lock, go in and steal
The plans they had set before.

Some are full of self esteem,
Some are proud, haughty and vain,
Some would shed angelic blood
If the world they could gain.

Some will cheat and swindle,
Some rob, murder and kill,
Some with money oppress thousands
Their roguish hearts and pockets to fill.

Some will take a solemn oath
To make the public believe
Every bit an arrant lie,
He only tries to deceive.

Some marry spotless virgins
Too good with them to conceive
birth
Pain their hearts with concubines
All their days on earth.

Some disdain God's creation,
Owing to color and race,
Poor sinner, is your eye so strong
As to see God evil in the human
face?

Some are weak and intemperate
Their craving is never filled,
Some gamble rather than labor
Their treasure to build.

Some will scorn laboring people,
Especially those that till the sod,
Scripture proves labor the only living
That is justified by God.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

Some buy their neighbor's goods,
They never get their pay.
Some put their labor on their backs,
And starve the future day.

Some will pretend to love a lady
Her face is not the charm of his eye,
With false vows he ruins her virtue
With a diabolical lie.

Some ignore deeds of charity
Some don't care how others live,
Some don't want to be forgiven
Neither do they want to forgive.

Any measure to wrong a person
Is the devil and his sway.
Every time we deal wrong
We throw God's word away.

Man marches on in Nature's darkness
In his bosom temptations throng,
With all light of nature in his breast
Teaching that all evil is wrong.

The tongue of every creature living
Cannot God's power reveal,
'Tis God that opens the natural eye
And makes the heart to feel.

A SINNER'S PRAYER.

Father of all heaven and earth,
Of all goodness, truth and grace;
Who gave the sinner through Jesus,
A happy heavenly place.

I know thou art all power,
On earth and in heaven above;
My heart is evil, my ways pervert,
Give me a heart of love.

My days I have spent,
Unthankful, futile and base;
My imagination even through evil,
Abomination and disgrace.

Every blessing of my life,
You have administered me;
Give me courage and teach me how
To send up my thanks to thee.

I am weak and sinful flesh,
Full of doubts and fears;
My trials are failures all alas,
The spirit of evil appears.

My ear is deaf, my eye is blind,
This is my helpless plea;
Lead my thoughts in things divine,
That I may know of thee.

When I search my feeble heart,
I find there is nothing good in me;
Purge my frail and rebellious heart,
And draw it nearer thee.

To love and respect my fellowman,
I find a debt unable to pay;
Teach my heart to understand,
To love my neighbor and thou obey.

All my days I have sinfully spent,
Through folly and through wrong;
With a conscience in my bosom,
Yet folly and temptations throng.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

I thought my conscience was knowl-
edge of thee,

My labor would carry me to heaven,
If I am not deceived I think I see,
That it all must be given.

I credited myself with the dictates of
conscience,

All the days of my journey trod ;
Alas it now seems to me,
It was only the mercy of God.

I thought my labor was well with thee,
And I was doing my part ;

When omnipotence presents itself to
me,
Condemnation gripes my heart.

The good that I did it was thee,

Sin had yet revealed no cost ;
A wretched sinner no good in me,
Without Jehovah I am lost.

I have loved the evil and foolish things,
And alienate through sin and lust,

If hell should be my doom for sin,
I hope I feel that thou art just.

All power is in thy hands,

Sealed above the sky ;
How can it be that thy hands,
Raise me when I die.

When death gripes my wretched body,
And places it in its tomb of rest :

Deliver my soul heavenly father,
As thou seest best,

It seems to me from seed I have sowed,
I must reap wild and bitter seed;
Exact for me good or bad,
Whatsoever I need.

My life profaned in the footprints,
Of the devil I have trod;
A violent sinner all my days,
An alienate from God.

Visit me, father; visit me—
On my dying hour;
For in thy hands and tender mercy,
Lies all the power.

I am but Adam multiplied,
For disobedience death is the cost;
Remember me, father of all;
Or my soul is lost.

Father, if it be thy will,
Put my sins away;
That I may meet the lowly Savior,
On the resurrection day.

Light my heart with a benevolent spark
And help me the way to find;
To live in friendship, peace and love,
With all humane kind.

I am but dust and ashes,
Am blind and cannot see;
Open my heart to things divine,
That I may know of thee.

Give me spirit, increase my courage,
Heavenly father of all;
To submit myself, meek and lowly,
Or in eternal ruin I fall.

Teach my heart to be forgiving,
Guide my thoughts a better way;
To blot out the faults of my neighbor,
A due respect that I should pay.

The day is only a verge of time,
That calls me to my grave;
Awake my heart to things sublime,
That I may die an humble slave.

Dust, am I, I must return,
My wretched body through death
must cease;
Guide my steps through the journey of
life,
Hand me down to the grave in peace.

My flesh will be made food for worms,
I fear hell will be my doom,
If it be well with thee,
Raise my soul above the tomb.

Oh, father, take it home with thee,
Where saints and angels sing;
Peace, love and praise to God,
Under glory's wing.

Raise me, father, the last day,
To meet thy holy Son;
Remember me if worthy of thee,
If not thy will be done.

THE HORSE.

The Lord in his riches and wisdom,
When he made the world for man;
Never did he give a better friend,
Than the horse upon the land.

From ancient days to the present day,
The horse has tilled the soil;
A faithful servant all his days,
Through labor tug and toil.

Things that man cannot carry,
The horse has to pull;
His food is all he ever gets,
Keep his stomach full.

We would suffer without the horse,
This is a positive fact;
He pulls the plow to make our food,
And the clothing for our back.

Including mules and horses,
Friends as great there are none;
So far as profit concerns
They are both as one.

In drawing weights and heavy loads,
The bulky material of the land;
Take the mule and horse away.
It could not be conveyed by man.

Even in our mother's arms,
Her love dear and calm;
Both were sustained with food,
By old Charley, Bob and Tom.

He should be treated comfortable,
With plenty of food and water fresh;
Among the animals of the country,
The horse is next to human flesh.

Drive in reason, work in reason,
Good attention will keep him in
health;
Do not abuse and over load him,
He cannot speak for himself.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

We could not farm without the horse,
Not even run a row;
The country could not make support,
With the aid of the hoe.

The horse has borne a heavy burden,
Since the life of man;
His labor requests the prudent master,
To show him all the favors he can.

The victory of the revolution,
Doubtless would have been lost;
Had not it been for men as Wash-
ton,
And the faithful horse.

In the struggle of our freedom,
He helped to do his share;
He helped to pull the liberty bell,
That rang out freedom everywhere.

We yet live by his sweat,
We might adore his birth;
Send up praise and thanks to God,
For his help and stay on earth.

Some are perished and pulled to death,
Others spurred to lose or win;
If we know right from wrong,
Is this not a sin?

HOPE FOR THOSE BEREAVED.

Our days on earth are but few,
Numbered by Jehovah on high;
A vile, sinful and wretched crew,
We were all born to die.

We all are sinners by nature,
Prone to wander from our birth;
Yet in our hearts there is a tie,
That desires our stay on earth.

By Almighty and omnipotent power,
We were made from the sod;
With minds in enmity against Jehovah,
Only as reconciled by God.

From the dawn of creation as intended,
All things must be fulfilled;
Often man's mind is offended,
When things don't suit his will.

But praise to God in mercy and power,
Who gave his own begotten Son;
He tenders our hearts as a balmy
flower,
And makes it say thy will be done.

We grieve at a broken link of a family,
Yet we all must part some day;
Eternity comes as an angel of midnight
And takes our dear ones away.

And turns it back to mother dust,
To breathe calm, sweet sleep;
Bright angels take their souls to rest,
While survivors over them weep.

To lose a dear one in bereavement,
Our peace almost destroy;
But God can make the heart submis-
sive,
And turn its grief to joy.

And send up its thanks to God in praise
Who destined all creation;
And makes it say thy will be done,
In trials and tribulation.

RELIGION OF THE LORD.

Religion is from heaven,
Sent down upon the sod;
As all other things,
A purpose of God.

Religion is the love
Of the crucified one;
The love of God,
And his begotten son.

Religion is a smile,
From Jesus on high;
He atoned on earth,
And ascended to the sky.

Religion is a thing,
purchased by the blood;
That was pierced from Jesus,
To save whom he would.

Religion is the mercy,
Of God at his will;
Only known by revelation,
And sealed from human skill

Religion was in the purpose
Of the Lord from the first;
To give poor sinners,
And worms of the dust.

Religion is a thing,
When sent down upon the sod,
Makes every knee bend,
Every heart look to God.

Religion is a thing,
When the spirit hath fed;
Proves God all power,
And man's works dead.

Religion is a smile,
From the Savior's face;
All fixed from the foundation,
And predestinating grace.

GOOD THAT RELIGION IS OF THE LORD.

If religion was a thing,
That man could gain;
There would be sin mixed in,
And all in vain.

If religion was a thing
That man could acquire;
The Bible would be false
And Jesus a liar.

If religion was a thing,
That works could win,
We would need no grace,
And repentance for sin.

If religion was a thing,
That man understood;
In a natural state,
It would be of no good.

If religion was a thing,
In reach of man;
He would boast of his power,
His skill and his plan.

If religion was a thing
That money could buy,
The rich would live
And the poor would die.

If religion was fruit,
Gathered by our hand;
Who would carry the soul to heaven,
Kind Providence or man?

If it is by man's works,
God takes him to his throne,
Christ shed in vain,
His blood to atone.

In heaven nothing unclean,
Can enter therein
So Christ shed his blood,
To cleanse us from sin.

TULY'S SORE TRIALS.

Man borned of woman, his day but few,
Full of toil, trouble and strife;
There is some trouble for all the best
we can do,
Yet we don't know each other's life.

A hapless lot and disobedience,
Alas, to grieve, groan and pine;
Leads my thoughts in submission,
To try to reveal some of mine.

Immaturity now reveals to me,
My childhood, ignorance, that I
could learn;
My youthful ways I now can see,
As most children, careless and unconcern.

It seems to me that sweet contentment,
Is something I never had;
My youthful mind in some respects,
Were so dull and sad.

I was spared by the hand of Providence,
To the age of twenty-three;
Partly pleasure and also trouble.
Not knowing the trouble ahead of
me.

My youth partially was in despair,
This I see and feel;
In some respects that I don't care,
The subjects to reveal.

This way I journeyed along through
life,
Up to a certain day;
Not knowing that all the pleasure of
life,
Could be taken away.

On the 10th night of November,
Eighteen and ninety-four,
The pain of sin I trust awoke me,
I only could implore.

When sound asleep in midnight hours,
My pleasure all were slain;
A dream aroused and woke me up,
With grief, trouble and pain.

I trust that my captivity,
Was a repenting beam;
The thing that roused and woke me up,
Was the sadness of a dream.

My mind so weak and heavy burdened,
My heart filled with pain;
My bosom filled with grief and trouble,
Everything in vain.

I lay, rolled, cried and punished,
But little sleep till day;
There was no ease and rest for me,
All peace were drove away.

I rose early in the morning,
In my furnishing way;
I hardly felt that I could stand it,
Even the first day.

Everything so sad and hurtful,
I had no will to talk;
Such a burden in my bosom,
That I could hardly walk.

I could not ease one thought of trouble,
I tried with all my might;
I lay, suffered and could not sleep,
Hours of every night.

This way I went for three months,
I reckon I cried half of the time;
I felt that no man's trouble,
Could be any worse than mine.

At the expiration of this period,
In the morn early after I arose;
My trouble at once all left me,
How good I felt no one knows.

I was content a short time,
The days were three or four;
At once despair captured me,
Helpless than before.

I have often thought of a gin screw,
Of the old fashion kind;
To explain the misery of my heart,
And condition of my mind.

My heart as the bale of cotton,
My troubles as the screw;
My prayers as the squeaking threads,
It was all that I could do.

This way I went for twelve months,
I think I cried half of the time;
It seemed to me that my heart would
burst;
For grief and pain was its rhyme.

I sit around the fireside at night,
Grieve punish and doze;
Often rambling in the dark,
While my family slept in sweet re-
pose.

I felt that I had no friend on earth,
No one to sooth a tear;
To console my mind I used all ven-
geance,
As a young mule in a gear.

My trials, efforts and weak hope,
Were every one in vain;
I become completely coward down,
With grief trouble and pain.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

The second year I yielded up the ghost,
My heart sunk with grief and strife;
Often it seemed that it would burst,
It ached every minute of my life.

Those that know can realize,
How it is in trouble so deep;
To ly hours of every night,
Roll punish and cannot sleep.

This way I punished two long years,
The next two years I generally slept
sound;
My brains so weak they would fall a-
sleep,
For rest they were bound.

Anything but cornfield work,
I had not the scene to take a part;
At the expiration of the second year,
The aching left my feeble heart,

When the aching left my feeble heart,
I was worse off than before;
I could not feel that I had a heart,
It made my troubles more.

The three next years the condition of
my heart,
I will never be able to explain;
There was more grief in hy heart,
Than when aching every d
pain.

As near as I know how to describe,
That awful condition of my heart,
A potatoe that scalds with heat in a
hill;
And finally decays with a dry rot.

After this occasionally pain would
strike my heart,
It was a thought of relief on my
part;
I could realize through aches and mis-
ery,
That I once more had a heart,

I seldom felt that I had a heart,
After that painful feeling dawned;
A constant feeling in my bosom,
That my heart was gone.

The thought of sleep was horrible
grief,
I feel that it daily gave me more
strife;
Than a life of sadness in many re-
spects,
The first twenty-three years of my
life.

Some times my mind would strengthen
a little,
It seems that this might have been
beauty;
Most every time, too, this was a trou-
ble,
It seemed that it was not at its duty.

My health was good physically,
Yet the weight of grief broke down
every joint;
When my mind would strengthen a lit-
tle,
I rather it had been in its old stand-
point.

I believe I can safely say,
In words of truth without any fears,
My punishment was heavier in single
thoughts;
Than all my first twenty-three years.

Even the first day of my trouble,
I could not make a consolation in
the world;
I did not care for myself,
Not even for a girl.

I give it up to God in despair,
There was no power on my part,
I saw that if the world belonged to me,
It could not ease my heart.

All the doctors might treat a pain of
sin,
But all would be in vain;
Dr. Jesus is the only physician,
That can cure a repenting pain.

An adage if it was not for hope,
That mortal hearts would brake;
Mine broke and left me no hope,
I trust for Jesus sake.

I some times had a little hope,
Perhaps two minutes in each day;
Yet to escape the pangs of hell,
I could see no way.

No rest at home, neither abroad,
I seldom ever wanted to go;
What I suffered trying to work,
No one will never know.

Exhaustion would lead me to the bed,
There was no chance to shirk;
The thoughts of sleep was more trouble,
Than my daily work.

My room was filled with solitude,
It grieved my heart to go to bed;
It must have been often ten times
worse,
Than looking at the dead.

Think of this, Christian friends,
Remember me for a sinner's sake;
My heart and mind three long years,
Could not bear living awake.

I most always reeled and staggered,
While getting ready to get on the
bed;
My mind was so near exhausted,
I hardly knew that I had a head.

Death in my family have never hurt
me,
As bad as the thoughts of going to
bed;
Exhausted brains kept me sleep till
morning,
Most every morning disable to raise
my head.

From five minutes to two hours,
Was the time it took me to raise my
head;
Could hardly stand up to put on my
clothes,
The next night the same horrible
bed.

Occasionally when able to get up,
At once I had to bounce;
The hurtful condition leads me to
think,
I would of died at once.

The time was short that I could sit
still,
No place of rest to go;
Stroll about and could not stop;
Every step through misery and woe.

I often give out at my work,
Trying to weed my roe;
My thoughts if I die, let me die—
If I go to hell, let me go.

To get out of such a world of trouble,
For there was nothing well;
I often felt willing to die,
And take my bed in hell.

Everything grieved my heart,
As miserable as I could be;
I felt that if I were in hell,
There would be mor erest for me.

To relate my hapless lot,
I will never to able to tell;
I saw myself three long years,
A condemned wretch for hell.

I trust that my pilgrimage journey,
The debt of sin will pay;
In praise and honor of Jehovah,
I trust that I am able to say.

Life was such a burden to me,
I often felt that I rather be dead;
Many times attempted to ask my
friends,
To nock me in the head.

I was brought down to see and feel,
That I was no more than a lump of
sod;
My life a disgrace and abomination,
In the sight of God.

I felt it such a great sin,
I could never get on my knees to
pray;
Yet being attempted to cut my throat,
Some times two dozen times a day.

Every breath through grief and misery,
Never a thought of gladness;
The whole world pained my brain,
And filled my heart with sadness.

I felt beneath the dumb beast,
Not even as good as a dog;
The element was filled with grief and
sadness,
Just as an autumn fog.

Two colors the world had every day,
Bright to my eye and dark to my
brain;
Often I could not raise my head,
Most always my brain aching with
pain.

Everything I saw grieved my heart,
And burdened my brain all the time;
No place of repose, often stagger, doze,
I felt that I would be as well satisfied blind.

Three years it seemed that the heavens
Was coming to decay;
It yet seems that the world,
Is in a perishing way.

I could not realize the truth,
Of even the smallest thing;
It would not have raised my heart,
To have been made a king.

My mind was so much despondent,
My understanding so near gone;
I could not see how man of any pursuit,
Could carry his work on.

It yet seems to me that my mind,
Every day will exhaust;
It keeps my body burdened down,
As a heavy man on a little horse.

It was punishment every minute of my
life,
Not a second of peace, everything
bad;
The sight of everything in the world,
Made my heart and mind so sad.

Everything I remember in the past,
Hurt my heart worse day after day;
Than the death of father and two sisters,
Even the hour they were placed in
clay.

I felt every day that trouble would kill
me,
My misery was bringing death near;
Grunt and sigh, groan and cry,
And often for breath pant like a
steer.

Some time my throat ached with trouble,
Could not keep my mouth closed;
Have to open my mouth, groan and
pant,
Couldn't get enough breath through
my nose.

After suffering five years my eye-sight
failed,
Some times almost half blind;
I hardly thought and cared for eyes,
Some times didn't care if they came
blind.

Every hope in despair.
Every desire in vain;
My heart filled with more grief,
Than when aching two years with
pain.

The sun, moon and the whole creation,
Everything grieved me everywhere;
Had pressed my heart til pain had fled,
For vitality was essential there.

The sun would pass over day by day,
As everything it drove away all glad-
ness;
Sink down behind the western shore,
In a bank of grief and sadness.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

I was in trouble as a fly in a web,
 Roped with temptations the devil's
 cord;
Several times the devil tried to make
 me
 Brush out a place, stand and curse
 the Lord.

My mind was led to write poetry,
 'The thirteenth of January, eighteen
 ninety-eight;
For what cause or purpose,
 I do not know the fate.

Whether it is of me or the Lord,
 I am not able to say;
Yet it is a weight to my poor heart,
 Up to this present day.

I have lost two sisters, father and mother,
 How sad was their death and call;
Poetry has given me probably fifty
 times
 The trouble of them all.

When I could get it on my mind,
 I would sit, cry and write;
I was condemned, but could not stop,
 I thought it was a sin in Jehovah's
 sight.

It crept in my heart just as love,
 And have never gone away;
I feel that I shall have to bear this poetic
 burden,
 Until my dying day.

A poor feeble, helpless sinner,
To grieve groan and all alas;
Many a times the tears have flown;
By looking at myself in a glass.

It would not heal my sore heart,
If I owned the world's wealth;
Many a time the tears have flown,
In sympathy for myself.

Everything that had passed and gone,
Became to be so hurtful and sad;
Day after day and minute after minute,
Words can never express how bad.

The brain and nerves are mentally connected,
Mind had become so frail and weak;
Many a time it hurt me greatly,
To even try to speak.

I can't remember one-tenth of my troubles,
No one but the Lord knows;
Some times like a person with the palsy,
In a jerk from head to toes.

When I could feel this invading condition,
I would often go in the kitchen to myself;
Some times make the stove and table rattle,
And various articles on the shelf.

I dragged along day after day,
What pain I bore no one knows;
Wanted the Lord to take all my thought
away,
But enough to eat and keep on my
clothes.

A few times my mind all left me,
I could not think of a thing on
earth;
I daily begged for peace or death,
Daily regretted my own birth.

I daily gave out at my work,
Could no longer stand on my feet;
Heart-broken and brain-exhausted,
Often than miss I dropped off to
sleep.

My body weighed and pressed down,
Owing to trouble so deep;
Wake up every time worse off,
Than before I went to sleep.

I would sit with my elbows on my
knees,
My hands under my chin;
This way I did hold up the weight,
Of the grief and misery within.

I begged and cried day after day,
For relief and help;
When not give out by the wayside,
I was often staggering for every
step.

My mind so near gone for six months,
The world dazzled before my eye;
'Twas all I could do to keep from cut-
ting my throat,
And bid the world good-bye.

Grief and misery made me want to die,
The devil would tell me to take my
knife;

Every day for three years,
Cut my throat and end my life.

Once I started to cut my throat,
Started my hand in after my knife;
But God snatched the use of my arm
away,
And saved a wretch's life.

I would sink down day by day,
With more than I could tote;
Beg to the Lord to be with me,
To keep me from cutting my throat.

Every hope was in despair,
No one to take my part;
All echoes but human speech,
Hurt my feeble heart.

The sound of everything grieved my
heart,
Only when asleep on the bed;
Always as bad, often many times worse,
Than the news that a friend was
dead.

The most hurtful was the mail trains,
Every time they passed by;
By the time the blowing reached my
ears,
The tears was dropping from my
eyes.

I have asked myself many a time,
As to the mails blowing so sad;
If my mother was to die,
Could it ever hurt me as bad.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

Since writing this speech she has pass-
ed away,
And left me to mourn her loss;
It is hard to depart from her,
To-day the males are many times
worse.

Four months some weight for all,
I had to tote a part;
A part of everybody's troubles in the
world,
In my poor, weak, feeble heart.

Every minute is grief and sadness,
Six years all peace has flown away;
This way I shall have to go I feel,
Until my dying day.

I feel that no one ever suffered as I,
Perhaps over others' many times
double;
The thought of death consoles my mind
For it will end my trouble.

Often my words would end in a whis-
per,
When I tried to talk;
My turn was as heavy to tote when
riding,
As it was when I walked.

The thunder was as the voice of the
Lord,
The lightning as his sword;
To clip my life from on earth,
To kneel and pray I could not af-
ford.

I never can relate my troubles,
Ten thousand words could never tell;
For every day for six years,
Has been a perfect hell.

My health has kept good all the time,
But owing to grief and trouble so
deep,
Most every day my bosom so sick,
That I could hardly creep.

I have shed tears many a time,
Because I could not my burden ex-
plain;
But this as all other things,
Every time in vain.

I felt this way day after day,
That death and hell was near;
Often shudder over the power of the
Lord,
With a miserable and constant fear.

Words can't express how I felt,
When a cloud would rise;
So plain it seemed that I saw the wrath,
Of Almighty in the skies.

I did not have any hope in the Lord,
I could but lament, grieve and groan;
The time has come that I must go,
And hell will be my home.

I begged for rest day by day,
To kneel down I tried to begin;
My deranged mind and heart predicted,
That it would be a great sin.

The thunder would roar, the lightning
explode,

I would stand and try to pray :
I thought my time had come to go,
Every flash would take me away.

I would imagine on the fairest days,
That a storm was fixing to rise ;
It seemed that I could hear thunder-
bolts,
When no cloud was in the skies.

Some times I was so weak I could not
stand,
Drop down in some secret place
alone ;
Every time it thundered I thought I
was gone,
And hell would be my home.

For six years my mind has been so
weak,
Everything as a tangled dream ;
I have not known in six years,
How my mind used to seem.

I have struggled hard these painful
years,
In my punishing way ;
It has only been by the help of God,
That I am not in the clay.

My mind was as a person in frenzy,
When not conscious of their pain ;
It could not realize its weight and mis-
ery,
Until a little strength it gained.

All that fed my soul one bit,
Was what I eat and drank ;
This did nourish my appetite,
But immediately sank.

The sun filled my heart with terror,
The moon and stars over shadowed
with gloom ;
I would gaze upon them in prayers to
know,
Was hell to be my doom.

I joined the church in nineteen hundred
I thought all would be well ;
Since at times my burden is lighter,
Again at times I can scarcely tell.

I seldom felt much relief,
Until the summer nineteen hundred
and two ;
I hope the Lord strengthened my faith,
Yet my moments of peace are few.

Some days for minutes I get peace,
Some days I get none ;
Some days I think to be sure,
My troubles have just begun.

Dear Christian friends if I am one,
The pain of repentance we all have
borne ;
More than doubts, fears and condemna-
tions,
Mine has been so many times more.

Sinners say that being condemned for
hell,
Is the worst trouble they ever bore;
I was condemned three long years,
With a heart so sore.

I would pray and sigh, groan and cry,
Oh, Lord, what shall I do;
The sky predicted to my heart,
There is no heaven for you.

If what I mention in this speech,
You think the spirit with me has
fed;
And it not over one hundredth of my
trouble,
Don't you know my heart hath bled.

If I am one of God's elect,
I have the spiritual pains to pay;
It yet seems to me that trouble will kill
me,
Most every livelong day.

I reckon I could write five hundred
verses,
Of my life being so hard and tough,
But as in all things too unworthy.
So I think I have written enough.

Repenting sinner whom may you be,
If all these subjects you have bore;
Remember the boy who honestly be-
lieves,
He has suffered a hundred times
more.

The secrets of misery that I daily toat,
And cannot bear to tell;
Makes me often think if I only could
die,
And take my bed in hell.

Misery will be my life doom,
A wretched rebellious worm of the
dust;
Death will carry me to the tomb,
And God will raise me up I trust.

To wear a robe of righteousness,
Bright, shining as the sun;
If in my heart I am deceived,
God's holy will be done.

P. S.—Of course this speech contains as well as I could express my misery, but there is another subject that I have never revealed to the world, that I am perfectly satisfied has grieved and burdened my soul one hundred times that of all I mention in this poem. I bore it eight years and expect to carry it as long as I live, but thank God, it has grown to be lighter for about 18 months.

THE SPIRITUAL EYE.

In every creature in every plant,
In every herb, in every tree;
The power of God is there revealed,
For the spiritual eye to see.

His power is mysteriously wrought,
The carnal eye can not see;
But when he shows the spiritual eye,
It views it clear and free.

God is all in power and spirit,
There is nothing good in me and
you;
All things in nature points to God,
For the spiritual eye to view.

His power has to descend to earth,
His majesty has to bring;
This vision to the carnal eye,
His power in any thing.

His power is wrought in every bud,
That blooms upon the land;
But nothing seen more than nature
By the carnal man.

The blooms represent his mercy,
The fragrance his tender love;
A shield of Jesus through the spirit,
In that bright world above.

A thing of nature compared to spirit,
Nature might think it strange;
I believe every bloom imprints his love,
And shall without a change.

The natural eye sees no power,
Neither any have it got;
'Tis God his light shineth in the world,
Yet nature perceives it not.

The natural eye views all nature.

For nature gives a light to bring,
But it takes the spiritual eye to see,
The spirit wrought in anything.

God is a spirit and all power,
The father of all upon high;
Can dust, sin and no power
View his majesty with a carnal eye.

A man in his own nature,
All I need I have got;
Everything depending upon God,
Yet he perceives it not.

It is only the spiritual eye,
That is made to believe;
The carnal eye cannot see,
Neither can perceive.

All things in nature points to God,
For the spiritual eye to see;
The carnal eye cannot view
A vision of his decree.

When things are shown the spiritual
eye,
His power in everything we view;
There it shows the carnal eye
His power it never knew.

We are carnal and dust of the earth,
Sin returns us to the sod;
How can we view spiritual power,
Unless it is shown by God?

In vanity and vexation of spirit,
We have our journey to plod;
But he can bless show and quicken,
There is nothing too hard for God.

The smallest thing proclaims his power,
For up above the sky;
The wisest man in carnal nature,
Can't look with a spiritual eye.

God reveals his love and power,
Enough wrought in a little day;
To show the heart and bring the tears
From the spiritual eye.

Everything discloses his power,
By the carnal eye it can not be seen;
But when God shows the spiritual eye,
It is as plain as the fields of green.

No eye can behold his mighty power,
Not even the king and queen,
But the eye that is opened by Jehovah,
His power to be seen.

God seems natural in creation,
Even the earth upon which we trod;
Every eye perceives of nature,
And thinks it knows of God.

The natural eye views his power,
As a natural god;
The spiritual eye views through spirit,
A natural and spiritual God.

God is rich in wisdom, kind in mercy,
And just all designs;
He plainly shows the spiritual eye,
That the carnal eye is blind.

All things made and wrought in nature;
The carnal eye views upon the sod,
But can't behold God in spirt,
As a spiritual God.

Man says God has all power,
Yet he cannot feel it,
It is never known by the heart and eye,
'Till it pleases God to reveal it.

He is omnipotent and omnipresent,
In his kingdom above the sky;
He manifests in the heart,
And shows the spiritual eye.

The wisdom of the world combined,
Cannot a spiritual thing reveal;
'Tis God that opens the carnal eye,
And makes the heart feel.

All praise to God the great creator,
His work, his power divine;
He quickens the heart, shows its evil,
When he pleases to design.

The first thing man done he broke the
law,
He brought on damnation to his own
soul;
If Adam was saved, was it his works,
Or the love of God that drew him to
the fold.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

The Lord made Adam and Eve,
God in forgiveness their sins to free;
God in mystery for suffering sin,
But his spirit can bring his children
to see.

Man came from the dust even as brutes,
In the heavenly father's creation;
If man in nature knew his maker,
Why were the Bible written by revelation.

Man in nature can not see,
His belief is his oar;
When the grace of God raises the sail,
Why couldn't I see it before?

God, the father, Christ the son,
His power the Holy Ghost;
If his fingers don't touch our hearts of
dust;
Our poor souls are lost.

TRUST IN JESUS.

Christians wait and trust in God,
While in this vile world you plod.

In your troubles and despair,
Blessed Jesus is even there.

When we are loaded down with care,
It seems that all are in despair.

We then are further off from harm,
Resting safe in Jesus' arm.

When we rejoice in nature's delight,
Satan is near, mark his flight.

When we are on the mountain peak,
In nature we are always weak.

But when we drop down in the vails,
Jesus is near, he never fails.

When the clouds are looking dark,
And you have lost your trusting spark.

Look to Jesus for your rest,
In whom you were always blessed.

Amid the darkest, dreary night,
Far up above there is light.

Jesus with his smiling face,
Discloses home and heavenly place.

In Jesus up above so far,
You are typical to a star.

The star shoots and fades away,
Typical to your dying day.

A Christian's life is never lost,
Neither a star of the heavenly host.

You reach heaven by angelic grace,
The star proceeds to its former place.

A PITY FOR THOSE FOR-
SAKEN.

When the Lord plants conjugal love,
The desire of union breed;
To be cut off from your love,
It leaves the poor heart to bleed.

With the exception of a sin-sick soul,
There is nothing so bad, indeed;
As to love in vain with all your soul,
It leaves the poor heart to bleed.

With a true and devoted heart,
Wedlock is the only feed;
To be forsaken on our part,
It leaves the poor heart to bleed.

Never seek with the opposite sex,
The error of nature's greed;
To stain virtue by seduction,
It leaves the poor heart to bleed.

* In the heart of one devoted,
Union feels to be the need;
Alas, when union was never allotted.
It leaves the poor heart to bleed.

When love in vain is so deeply wrought
As to make the heart to plead;
To sovereign mercy to be delivered,
It leaves the poor heart to bleed.

An explanation, there is none—
The science of nature could not read;
The pains of true love when in vain.
It leaves the poor heart to bleed.

When God hath joined the heart to one,
And the power of spirit doth lead;
And be forsaken by that one,
It leaves the poor heart to bleed.

A life, spent love, and it in vain,
I believe from God is a religious
creed;
Alas, the groans, grief and pain.
It leaves the poor to bleed.

Oh, wretched and pining souls,
Whose hearts their prayers have never freed;
Who pines in love and prays in vain,
For their hearts not to bleed.

THE AUTHOR'S HOPE AND PAIN.

Their is a day when death will deliver,
The burden of my grieving breast;
I trust to pass over the river,
And leave my body lying at rest.

I trust that my pains of this life,
Is all for the best;
That I may dwell beyond all strife,
And my body sleep at rest.

With that the Lord has promised man,
I surely have been blessed,
Though I daily feel oh wretched man,
From the trouble of my breast.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

When I would do good evil appears,
The devil's designs always infest;
I struggle along through unknown
trials,
And go with a burdened breast.

I seldom rejoice as not to feel,
The burden of sin and distress;
And natural things there, too, reveals,
And keeps my heart oppressed.

Nine years I have gone with a broken
heart,
And in it trouble makes its nest;
When from such a life I depart,
I hope to find sweet rest.

JOY CHANGED TO TEARS.

By the will of God divine,
It pleased him, my soul to design.

All things in God worketh well,
All his designs we can not tell.

He gave me birth, health and strength,
Consoled my life to a certain length.

But when he saw that it was good,
In my bloom and first manhood.

To go no longer contented in mind,
And peace and pleasure seldom find.

My heart resting in sweet repose,
There his power did disclose.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

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He cut me off from nature's delight,
To go mourning day and night.

I exerted all my might and strength,
All in vain no power and length.

I saw that I myself were none,
And my struggling no good it done.

I give it up to God in vain,
And marched along in grief and pain.

Hoping some day to meet,
Life again, light and sweet.

Alas, the time has never come,
But what my feelings are low and
dumb.

Only short periods I see,
That there is peace of soul for me.

So I **must** suffer all my days,
Yet I hope I give God the praise.

March along in grief and tears,
Pain, troubles and groundless fears.

Low in heart, despondent in mind,
And fear heaven I have not find.

Often regret my own birth,
And feel to have no friend on earth.

Some times obstinate to the will of God,
A wretched rebellious worm of the sod.

I hope my will is to impart,
Though nature often wins my heart.

HUMBLE HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

There I see my folly and sin,
But cannot help th eweakness within.

All that I see to do,
Is to look to Jesus to pull me through.

And bear my trouble the best I can,
Til providence extends its hand.

And when he calls me I must go,
I hope above and not below,

The claws of death will cease my pain,
And I hope will be my gain.

And cause my heart to cease to beat,
And my pains will defeat.

And lay me down I hope to rest.
Out of my trouble and distress.

My eyes will grow dim and cold,
My body putrify and mould.

No more in life to groan and cry,
And there to be forgotten lie.

And be consumed by worms of the dust,
But God Will raise me up, I trust.

A FEW WORDS OF GREETING.

In my feelings low and small,
I desire a word to all.

Friends we are scattered over the land,
I can't see your face nor shake your
hand.

But to many a word I can send,
Through the medium of my pen.

Dear friend, don't deem me a lie,
Be cause you have not suffered as I.

I would not the peace of my soul sell,
By composing a lot of lies to tell.

Trouble have destroyed my natural
rest,
They are more than ever expressed.

My heart and mind could never print,
My pen could but scarcely hint.

As to what I have suffered in my life,
My hapless lot, grief and strife.

May God give you a home on high,
And may you never suffer as I.

When I die I do pray,
To meet you where all is day.

May the Lord ever condescend,
And bestow his blessings unto the end.

If my poor wretched soul is lost,
I hope I feel that God is just.



My Regards to Children.

My young friends, honor thy father and thy mother it is the first duty you have to perform. The father and mother love their children. The mother brings her little babe up on her knee, she nourishes its body with food, she looks after her child with care, she teaches it good from evil, she watches over the child when it is asleep, she tries to feed its mind with love and knowledge, she teaches her child to be good she consoles herself in its daily growth, she thanks the Lord for a babe to love and cherish, and devotes much of her mind to its youthful protection, happiness and care, and endeavors to feed its mind as it grows up into manhood or womanhood with reason, industry and integrity, to smoothen the pathways of life on earth that her child may grow up as a noble man or woman, and abide by the star of truth, the conscience of their heart. The greatest natural blessing that the Lord gives us on earth, it is the lamp of life, a celestial spark that leads and directs us through nature's darkness. Without this spark of light and internal wisdom the world would be almost as helpless as the brutes of the forest and destitute of knowing good from evil. Mother desires her child to take this great and providential blessing for their guide of life, to honor father and mother, to love and forsake them not, to love each other, as kind and dutiful children ought to exert their youthful minds in a way to unite them when they have reached maturity in friendship, love and harmony with each other, to place their feet upon the rock of truth and industry, to stand embraced upon that solid foundation of respect and courtesy with mother and father in return for their maternal and paternal love that parents have bestowed upon her child while the babe would have been in despair had it not been for Providence and a tender mother's love and parental affectionate care.

Her desires would crown her children with bonds of love through duty and respect to all men and women as a group of honorable brothers and sisters, standing steadfast and through devotion embraced in the social ties of life upon the rock of kindness and charity, thus dwelling in their hearts in obedience to their Maker that they may be blessed in this world and hoping for a blessing in the world to come. While grace alone can save, youths should sum up their respect and responsibilities to parents, to their friends, their

duty and regard to their heavenly father in the two grand words of truth and honor, to speak the truth and live the truth that through the love and mercy of an all wise and kind Providence when done on earth and have finished their task in respect to parents and to the world abroad, when they, by the commandments of a kind Providence, are called from his rock of peace, love and harmony, that which introduces pleasure and shakes the hand of happiness, may be prepared and ready to go, and their footprints leave no stain. Youthful friends these are some of the important duties of the golden rule that our kind and affectionate mothers would have their children to adhere to and abide by. There is no love that any possesses naturally that is any truer than that love which joins a mother's heart to her child. Alas, if we could realize the tender emotion of our mother's devotion in our youth it would have a great tendency to draw our hearts nearer her. But youth has its folly, its budding pleasures, its childish ignorance, prone to wander, and infact not conscious of error as that of the adult or the age of accountability. Nevertheless the chilly and blustry winds withers the tender bud of the rose and often blights its foliage, hence if in your youth you listen to dear old mother and father while you are budding in youth and blooming for maturity it will give you peace of mind and heart, It will cheer your soul, it will gratify and appease your mind when you reach maturity with thanks and praise to God for his blessings and for devoted parents that toiled so hard to keep youthful sport from blighting the tender bud of their heart's delight. There, dear child, thus bestowing your honor, virtue and wisdom, your bud of youth you sprinkled with mother's devotion, you kept the rose pruned with fingers of piety, your labor developed the rose of perfection thus crowning you with gratitude of heart, obedience to parents, fame to the world and reverence to God. O, what rays of light the bud of youth can disclose, while the youth that perverts parental advice blights the bud, decays the bloom,, scatters its foliage, kills its savor and leaves the bush standing alone with nothing to adorn, evincing his own character, which renders him almost in obscurity. but reformation is never too late, for it would appease the hearts of parents more for the reformation of one that reflected and abstained from their youthful error than that of a dozen dutiful children. Remember thy parents' love and forsake them not. You may be poor and your chance be hard, but pleasures will greet you, happiness will

attend you, and mercy will be bestowed upon you if you abide by your mother's love and affectionate desire, which is your duty to perform, as near as you can. If you let this golden rule of mother's affection pass you by it promises you sorrow and discontentment and regret in your future days. When the mind is young and not encumbered is the time to prepare against obstacles of life especially those that tend to destroy our rest or give us a backward step in life, and the period that youth should exercise its mind on a way to preserve its pleasure, to strengthen its faculty, to control its animality, to cultivate blandness, friendship and benevolence, to elevate its formality, to constrain its temptations, to ignore harshness and all other desires contrary to that of a benevolent heart, to seek the plan of happiness and life's perfection and reverence to Jehovah. All of these moral elements are contained in this short sentence: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you".

Remember the blessing of health and strength and eyes to behold the attraction and affection of the charming things that captivates your young and sensitive hearts, every blessing comes from the good Lord. He watches over you at all times he is all your help and strength. Had not it been for his tender mercies we would not have been on earth, neither would there have been a happy home prepared for those that love and try to obey the Lord. The mercies of Jehovah designed that children as a rule should enjoy the sweetness of life, but youth knows not what maturity may bring forth. Maturity always, more or less, has its waves of trouble and are hard to anchor. Row your canoe in youth against the tempest of such as promises you the rigging to pull on the ship of pain and repentance. Children are contented if they could realize it. The rose blushes on their cheek, the sweetness of joy breathes in their smiles, joy and happiness sparkle in their eyes, the happiness of their hearts appear in all their movements, their minds cheerful, their pleasures delightful, their songs are emblems of sweet contentment and happy hearts, their young and fair faces describes youthful faculties and happiness of life just as the dew drops refreshes the young and tender roses. The child grows to maturity and manhood with the trials and protection of self-sustenance to prepare, for the rose matures with the fullness and beauty that nature affords. Happiness will attend the age of maturity generally, our lives will

be spent in contentment until trials, tribulations and despair overshadow us, just as the rose will glow with beauty and breath of fragrance of nature's sweetness and odor until autumn breezes nip the bud and blights the blooms.

Man and woman have no power of their own, are subject to troubles and afflictions, and at last despair may capture them, then sorrow will bow their heads and wilt their hearts with profound and lamenting sorrow just as the rose will appear when autumn has wilted its foliage and blasted its tender buds, and as the fall passes away it takes the life, the sweetness and odor away from the rose, it is then no more. The cold winter winds blow the decayed and lifeless rose asunder just as we will give up this world, and depart from our friends never to return again for death is the end of everything. It wilts our hearts, it blasts our minds, it ends our hope, it deprives us of our sorrow and joy and takes the sweetness of life away and renders us just as the decayed and blighted rose in the hands of the Lord, not knowing what our destiny may be, it depends entirely upon the mercy of God. The conscience of your heart is the pilot of peace, love and happiness, it is that inward guide that vouches for your future rest if you are not lead by the light of conscience, if not at the age of maturity it will at some period render you a miserable and solitary life, place sorrow in your minds, grieve your hearts, humiliate your spirit and render you deprived of the fame of the world and your name nipped badly in the bud. Wise and prudent children make happy parents; the child that endeavors to perform his duty soothes the heart of parents often when lament and sorrow would have been the cost if they had not been attentive to the interest of their child.

Remember, parents, your deeds will never decay; your memory will be blessed. Let not idleness make your pleasure and foolishness make your sport, nor intemperance degrade your faculties. take your moral elements, plant the seed in the garden of love, cover the seed with truth and harmony, the seed will sprout with the sweetness of fame and savor of love come up gently, rewarding your labor. These plants of joy hopes of happiness, marks of respect, emblems of piety and securities of treasures will need no tilling of the soil in return for your regard to sincerity of your heart. The plants will develop stalwart and erect with the utmost glow of nature, beautiful to your eye, sweet to your memory, pleas-

ant to your thoughts, disclosing contentment, appeasing to your soul, ever blooming in sincerity to refresh your noble heart and celestial conscience. Let not pride and fashions ever shadow the formality of your valuable days. The devil himself is the author and father of pride and fashions any further than formality, decency and comfort extends, for all wise people are low in spirit and a silly person's fancies are easily detected and a haughty and scornful mind appears in all the movements of the person. Avoid lies and deceptive words from ever falling from your lips; always try to be forgiving and blot out the fault that you see in other people and cast them out of memory. A proverb, a false witness shall not be unpunished and he who speaketh lies shall not escape. Various and charming deeds of nature's delight may make you happy and cherish your youthful faculty, but it takes piety and virtue to content the matured mind of the wise and prudent and make them truly happy. If we give way to the passions of nature's charms it is sure to terminate in profanity. If we are led by the reins of piety and virtue we will walk in the foot prints of moral precepts and be endowed with a spirit of nature's refinement that opens a gentle stream in our souls, flowing with milk and honey constantly feeding and soothing the star of humanity, the conscience. How hard we all would strive to be true and forgiving in all things if we would rightly consider the blessing of hope and sweet repose at night instead of retiring at night in dread dreams of disaster, thoughts and superstition and groundless fears of implacable enemies owing to our conduct among mankind. Young friend, love is the grandest word in the English language. Love hides a multitude of faults, casts them from memory, makes others near and dear to us. Love is two hearts joined together, love gives in a forgiving spirit, a desire to love and be loved. Love elevates our aspiration, moralizes our animality, constrains our temptations, enhances devotion, humiliates scorn and self-esteem, makes man a temple of sunlight, bestowing good unto others, spreading his rays in fame, true and patriotic; brave, yet humble. His heart providentially was designed and devoted to the female sex, though far, very far from wanting to degrade the object of his love if his love is true. Love brings about gladness, wipes away tears, strengthens our hope, soothes our sorrow, makes us charitable, gives us rest and rewards our days on earth. Many have been slain in defense of those

they loved. Kings have fallen, monarchs subdued and many heroes dethroned through that tie that joins our hearts and makes us sacrificing. Love is the lion and lamb lying together in peace. We would almost dwell in the garden of Eden or paradise if all persons truly loved and respected each other. Mine and thine, dearest, is the language of love, it illuminates our soul to a higher element of life, spotless from evil and deception and ever ready in a gentle humiliating manner to perform a good deed of philanthropy, it is a heavenly gift; love is the foundation of life itself, it clothes humanity with the robe of virtue, it gives us gentle life and imparts a graceful movement. In fact it is the very essence of life, it is typical of the heavenly planets; the stars give light to the way-worn traveler as he retires; they twinkle and bid him adieu and descend their light illuminating darkness, while love receives the poor and helpless, divides with, cares for them, prays for them, and ascends its rays to the throne of providence. It is the star of love that illuminates darkness and ascends invisible from us to God, the sweetest, natural charm is the cord of love even in sacred hymns; those that humiliate and fill our souls with sacred melody are those that proclaim the most divine nature and love and touches deepest the key note of our heart, the choicest poetry and prose attributes to divine law and love. The songs of the birds warble a tune that awakens our heart to the sentiment of love, the budding and glowing blooms of the whole vegetable kingdom is arrayed with the brightest glow of nature and typifies divine grace and love. Virtue and love alone can array our souls as the blossoms glowing in nature's virtue or crown our bodies with the celestial light of divine law and love. May God bless and save your soul is the gentle emotion of sacred love; God himself is love.

Young friend it is with sorrow to me that I did not perform all the duties that I endeavored to place before the lad and maid that is just approaching fame by good deeds or just upon the brink of youthful perversion as was the case with myself, though good advice would be as good from a sinner as from a saint. Wishing you the best of my regards, hoping you will heed my advice, grow to be noble men and women, let your light shine, be a blessing to humanity, be crowned with virtue's bliss to reap the blessings of God both temporal and spiritual, be spared long to live and much good to do, be brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and

if it can accord with his holy and righteous will on the morning of resurrection descend with the holy angels and collect as many as he seest best to sit at the feet of Jesus in the dazzling throne to praise, Father, Son and ever blessed spirit world without end, is my desire, and I hope the prayer, of your friend.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—

I wish to make a few remarks in conclusion and in regard to the poems that I am endeavoring to place at the will or choice of the public and I hope my many friends I know and can sincerely say that I hate or decline in my feelings to publish those poems that relate or pertain chiefly to my many pains and sorrows. First, Because I don't feel worthy of even the rays of the sun to illuminate the vision of my eyes nor even the air that I breathe. Second. Because I know that the gentleman or lady that have not yet been convicted for sin cannot realize such poems as a few of mine are simply because they have not had such to bear, though I hope and trust that none will think that I would devote my leisure and solitary hours in deceptive speeches or the writing of falsehoods. Third. Because some of my most intimate friends say they have desired a copy of my work and requested me to publish it and of course I hate to refuse them by omitting a number of the speeches. Fourth. because I feel like even those that can sympathize with me in tribulation will not appreciate much, if any, in reading some of the trials of such a worm as I. Fifth. Because I fear that some one will think that I just simply composed a few of my poems as sad and sorrowful as I well could in order to try to impress the heart of somebody's bosom with such sympathy for myself as to bewilder their feelings or entice them to purchase a copy of my work, but I trust that no one will misconstrue such an idea, for it is the sentiment of any article that composes its value

Hence if there is any value at all in my work it is the teachings and admonition and not such as reveals or relates to my ups and downs of life for if we all knew the sorrow of every soul on earth could it ever hover our hearts with comfort or joy? No, not at all; it would only tend to make our lives unhappy and disclose a gloom into the rest and light of our souls. Desiring the good will of all, I hope I can say your humble friend. J. J. T.

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